

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 2.

JACK FROST.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

RUSTILY creak the crickets—Jack Frost came down last night:
He slid to the earth on a starbeam, keen and sparkling and bright.
He sought in the grass for the crickets with delicate, icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near:
Only a few stout fellows, thawed by the morning sun,
Chirrup a mournful echo of by-gone frolic and fun—
But yesterday such a rippling chorus ran all over the land,
Over the hills and the valleys down to the grey sea-sand!
Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, happy as happy could be,
Scooping rich caves in ripe apples and feeding on honey and spice,
Drunk with the mellow sunshine, nor dreaming of spears of ice.
Was it not enough that the crickets your weapon of power should pierce?
Pray what have you done to the flowers? Jack Frost, you are cruel and fierce,
With never a sigh or a whisper you touched them and lo! they exhale
Their beautiful lives, they are drooping, their sweet color ebbs, they are pale,
They fade and they die! See the pansies yet striving so hard to unfold
Their garments of velvety splendor, all Tyrian purple and gold!
But how weary they look, and how withered, like handsome court dames, who all night
Have danced at the ball till the sunrise struck chill to their hearts with its light.
Where hides the wood aster? She vanished as snow-wreaths dissolve in the sun
The moment you touched her! Look yonder, where sober and grey as a nun
The maple-tree stands that at sunset was blushing as red as the sky:
At its foot, glowing scarlet as fire, its robes of magnificence lie.
Despoiler! stripping the world as you strip the shivering tree
Of color and sound and perfume—scaring the bird and the bee,
Turning beauty to ashes—O to join the swift swallows and fly
Far away out of sight of your mischief! I give you no welcome, not I!

THE BRIGHTON CATS.

By J. S. STACY.

DID ever you hear of the Brighton cats? No? Well, that is strange, for they are very famous fellows, I assure you. If you were to go to Brighton, in England, you would soon know all about them. They are trained pussies, and they are not only very good actors, but, what is more pleasant still, they seem to enjoy their own performances very much. Their master loves them dearly, and every day they jump up on his shoulders, and, rubbing their soft cheeks against his beard, purr gently, as if to say, "Ah, master dear, if it were not for you, how stupid we should be! You have taught

and painting away for dear life on the canvas before him. There is always a very queer-looking picture on the easel unfinished, and pussy daubs away at



us everything." Then the master laughs and strokes them, before he sets them at work. At last his quick command is heard—

"Pussies, attention!"

Down they jump, their eyes flashing, their ears twitching and eager, their very tails saying—"Aye, aye, sir."

"Pimpkins, to work!"

Pimpkins is a painter; that is, he has learned to hold palette brushes and maul stick in one paw, and a brush in the other, which you'll admit is doing very well for a pussy. With his master's help, he is soon in position, perched upon a stool



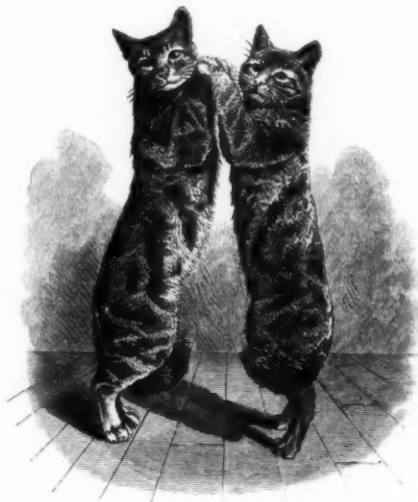
it when visitors are by; but when asked whether he did it all or not, he keeps very still, and so does his master.

Meantime the two other pussies, whom we must know as Tib and Miss Moffit, obeying a motion from the master, seat themselves at a table, and begin a lively game at chess. The chessmen stand in proper order at first, and both pussies look at them with an air of unconcern. Soon Tib moves



his man. Then Miss Moffit moves hers. On comes Tib again, this time moving two men at once. Instantly Moffit moves three. The game now grows serious. Moffit's men press so thickly on Tib's that suddenly he gives all of them a shove, and Miss Moffit is check-mated! Then Tib is grand. Leaning his elbows on the table, and tipping his head sideways, he looks at Moffit until she fairly glares.

After this all the pussies are, perhaps, requested to wash for their master. And they do it, too, in fine style, though, when they are through, Tib and Pimpkins generally squabble for a bath in the tub, while Miss Moffit hangs the clothes on the line to dry.



After work comes play. Miss Moffit and Pimpkins have a little waltz, and Tib slides down the balusters. Sometimes Tib amuses himself by drawing the cork from his master's ale bottle. And then if the foaming ale happens to be unusually lively, it makes a leap for Tib, and Tib rubs his nose with his paw for half an hour afterward.

Are they ever naughty? Yes, indeed. But even then their good master is gentle with them. He never whips them, but simply looks injured, and orders them to "do penance." Poor Tib and Moffit,—for they generally are the naughty ones—how they hate this! But they never think of such a thing as escaping the punishment. No, indeed; they jump upon a chair at once, and, shutting their eyes, stand as you see them in the picture, two images of misery, until their master says they may get down.

We have had these pictures of the Bright-

ton cats carefully copied from photographs that were taken from life not many weeks ago. The photographs are very sharp and clear, showing



every feature distinctly, with just the least blur at the tips of the tails, where they wriggled a little. When you think how hard it is for real persons not to laugh or to move while having a photograph taken, you will understand how wonderful the Brighton cats are, to be able to stand perfectly quiet in these difficult positions, from the time when the photographer takes the brass cap from the front of the camera until he puts it on again, and sets them free.

"They're too wise to be right," said an old apple-woman one day, as she looked at them. "It's unnatural—cuttin' about and actin' like Christians as they do."



Tib stood on his hind legs at this, and Miss Moffit shook paws with Pimpkins—as well she might.

BILLY BOY.



POOR Billy boy was music mad,
O music mad was he;
And yet he was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be—
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-me-ho! sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

"Nobody knows the joy I know,
Or sees the sights I see,
So play me high, or play me low,
My fiddle's enough for me.
It takes me here, it takes me there—
So play me low or high—
It finds me, binds me, anywhere,
And lifts me to the sky."
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-me-ho! sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

THE WATER DOLLY.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE story begins on a Sunday in the middle of August. Elder Grow had preached long sermons both morning and afternoon, and the people looked wilted and dusty when they came out of church. It was in the country, and only one or two families lived very near, and among the last to drive away were the Starbirds, Jonah and his wife, and their boy and girl. The wagon creaked and rattled, and the old speckled horse hung his head, and seemed to go slower than ever. It was a long, straight sandy road, once in a while going through a clump of pines, and nearly all the way you could see the ocean, which was about half a mile away.

There was one place that Prissy, the little girl, was always in a hurry to see. It was where another road turned off from this, and went down to the beach, and every Sunday that she went to church she hoped her father would go this way, by the shore. Once in a while he did so, so she always watched to see if he would not pull the left hand

rein tightest, and there was always a sigh of disappointment if the speckled horse went straight on; though, to be sure, there were reasons why the upper road was to be enjoyed. Mr. Starbird often drove through a brook which the road crossed, and there were usually some solemn white geese dabbling in the mud, which were indignant at being disturbed. Then there was a very interesting martin-house on a dingy shoemaker's shop—a little church it was, with belfry and high front steps and tall windows, all complete. To-day Mr. Starbird turned the corner very decidedly, saying, "I shouldn't wonder if it was a mite cooler on the beach. Any way, it can't be hotter, and it is near low water." Prissy sat up very straight on her cricket in the front of the wagon, and felt much happier, and already a great deal cooler.

"Oh, father," said she, "why don't we always go this way? It would be so much nicer going to meeting."

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"Now, Prissy," said Mrs. Starbird, "I'm afraid you don't set much store by your preaching privileges;" and then they all laughed, but Prissy did not quite understand why.

"Well," said her father, "it is always three-quarters of a mile farther, and sometimes it happens to be high tide, and I don't like jolting over the stones; besides, I see enough of the water week-days, and Sunday I like to go through the woods."

It was cooler on the shore, and they drove into the water until the waves nearly came into the wagon, and Prissy shouted with delight. When they drove up on the sand again, she saw a very large sea-egg, and Sam jumped down to get it for her.

"Wouldn't it be nice," said she, "if I could tame a big fish, and make him bring me lovely things out of the sea?"

"Yes," said Sam, "or you might make friends with a mermaid."

"Oh, dear!" said Prissy, with a sigh, "I wish I could see one. You know lots of ships get wrecked every year, and there must be millions of nice things down at the bottom of the sea, all spoiling in the salt water. I don't see why the waves can't just as well bring better things in shore than little broken shells and old good-for-nothing jelly fishes, and wizzled-up sea-weed, and fish bones, and chips. I think the sea is stingy!"

"I thought you were the girl who loved the sea better than 'most anything," said her mother. "I guess you feel cross, and this afternoon's sermon was long. I'm sure the sea gives us a great deal. Where should we get any money if your father couldn't go fishing, or take people sailing?"

"Oh, I do love the sea," said Prissy; "I was only wishing. I don't see, if there is a doll in the sea—a real nice doll, you know, with nobody to play with it—why I can't have it."

Soon they were at the end of the beach, by the hotel, and then they were not long in getting home.

Just as they were driving into the yard a little breeze began to blow from the east, and Mr. Starbird pointed to a low bank of clouds out on the horizon, and said there would be a storm before morning, or he knew nothing about weather.

"It is a little bit cooler," said his wife, "but my! I am heated through and through."

Prissy put on her old dress, and after supper she and Sam went out in the dory with their father, to look after the moorings of the sail-boat, and then they all went to bed early. And sure enough, next morning there was a storm.

It was not merely a rainy day; the wind was more like winter than summer. The waves seemed to be trying to push the pebbles up on shore out of their way, but it was no use, for they would rattle

back again as fast as they could every time. The boats at the moorings were dancing up and down on the waves, and you could hear the roaring of the great breakers that were dashing against the cliffs, and making the beach beyond white with foam.

There was not much one could do in the house, and there were no girls living near whom Prissy could go to play with.

The rainy day went very slowly. For a while Prissy watched the sandheaps flying about in the rain, and her father and Sam, who were doing something to the cod lines. Finally she picked over some beans for her mother. Sam and his father went down to the fish-houses, and after dinner Prissy fell asleep, and that took most of the afternoon. She couldn't sew, for she had hurt her thimble-finger the week before, and it was not quite well yet. Just before five her father came in and said it was clearing away. "I am going out to oil the cart wheels and tie up the harness good and strong," said he, "for there will be a master pile of sea-weed on the beach to-morrow morning, and I don't believe I have quite enough yet."

"Oh!" said Prissy, dancing up and down, "won't you let me go with you, father? You know I didn't go last time or time before, and I'll promise not to tease you to come home before you are ready. I'll work just as hard as Sam does. Oh, please do, father!"

"I didn't know it was such a nice thing to go after kelp," said Mr. Starbird, laughing. "Yes, you may go, only you will have to get up before light. Put on your worst clothes, because I may want to send you out swimming after the kelp if there doesn't seem to be much ashore." And the good-natured fisherman pulled his little girl's ears. "Like to go with father, don't you? I'm afraid you aren't going to turn out much of a house-keeper."

The next morning just after daybreak they rode away in the cart; Mr. Starbird and Prissy on the seat, and Sam standing up behind, drawn by the sleepy weather-beaten little horse. It had stopped raining, and the wind did not blow much; the waves were still noisy and the sun was coming up clear and bright. They saw some of their neighbors on the way to the sands, and others were already there when the Starbird cart arrived. For the next two hours Prissy was busy as a beaver picking out the very largest leaves of the broad, brown, curly-edged kelp. Sometimes she would stop for a minute to look at the shells to which the roots often clung, and some of them were very pretty with their pearl lining and spots of purple and white where the outer brown shell had worn away. Prissy carried ever so many of these high up on the sand to keep,

and often came across a sea-egg, or a striped pebble or a very smooth one, or a crab's back reddened in the sun, and sometimes there was a bit of bright crimson sea-weed floating in the water or left on



the sand. Besides these there seemed to be a remarkable harvest of horse-shoe crabs, for at last she had so many that she took a short vacation so as to give herself time to arrange them in a graceful circle round the rest of her possessions, by sticking their sharp tails into the sand. It was great fun to run into the water a little way after a long strip of weed that was going out with the wave, and once as she came splashing back trailing the prize behind her, one of the neighbors shouted good-naturedly: "Gô't a fine lively mate this voyage, haven't ye, Starbird?"

Nearly all the men in the neighborhood were there with their carts at six o'clock, and there was a great deal of business going on, for the tide had turned at five, and when it was high there could be no more work done. The piles of sea-weed upon the rocks grew higher and higher. In the middle of the day the men would begin loading the carts again and carrying them home to the farms. You could see the great brown loads go creaking home with the salt water still shining on the kelp that trailed over the sides of the carts. You must ask papa to tell you why the sea-weed is good for the land, or perhaps you already know?

But now comes the most exciting part of the story. What do you think happened to Prissy? Not that she saw a mermaid and was invited to come under the sea and choose out a present for herself, but she caught sight of a bit of something bright blue in a snarl of sea-weed, and when she took it out of the water, what should it be but a doll's dress!

And the doll's dress had a doll in it! Just as she reached it the wave rolled it over and showed her

its cunning little face. Prissy was splashed up to the very ears, but that would soon dry in the sun, and oh, joy of joys! such a dear doll as it was. The blue she had seen was its real silk dress, and Prissy had only made believe her dolls wore silk dresses before. And, as she pulled away the sea-weed that was all tangled around it, she saw it had a prettier china head than any she had ever seen, lovely blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and fair yellow hair. Prissy's Sunday wish had certainly come true. What should she wish for next?

But she could not waste much time thinking of that, for she found that the silk dress was made to take off, and there were little buttons and button-holes, and such pretty white underclothes, and a pair of striped stockings and cunning blue boots—but those were only painted on. Never mind!

There was a string of fine blue and gilt beads around her neck, and in the pocket of the dress—for there was a real pocket—Prissy found such a pretty little handkerchief! Was this truly the same world, and how had she ever lived alone without this dolly? Some kind fish must have wrapped the little lady in the soft weeds so she could not be broken. Had a thoughtful mermaid dressed her? Perhaps one had been a little way out, hiding under a big wave on Sunday, and had heard what the Starbirds said as they drove home from church. Prissy was just as certain the doll was sent to her as if she had come in a big shell with "Miss Priscilla Starbird" on the outside, and two big lobsters for expressmen.

How surprised Mr. Starbird was when Prissy came running down the beach with the doll in her hand. Sam was hot and tired and didn't seem to think it was good for much. "I wonder whose it is?" said he. "I s'pose somebody lost it."

"Oh, Sam!" said Prissy, "she is my own dear dolly. I never thought but she was mine. Can't I keep her? Oh, father!"—and the poor little soul sat down and cried. It was such a disappointment.

"There, don't feel so bad, Prissy," said Mr. Starbird, consolingly, "I wouldn't take on so, dear. Father'll get you a first-rate doll the next time he goes to Portsmouth. I suppose this one belongs to some child at the hotel, and we will stop and see as we go home." And Prissy laid the doll on the sand beside her, and cried more and more; while Sam, who was particularly cross to-day, said, "Such a piece of work about an old wet doll!"

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was my truly own doll, and I was going to make new dresses, and I should have kept all her things in my best little bit of a trunk that grandma gave me. I don't believe any Portsmouth doll will be half so nice, and I shouldn't have been lonesome any more."

Wasn't it very hard?

But Prissy was an honest little girl, and when her father told her he was ready to go, she was ready too, and had the horse-shoe crabs transplanted from the sand into a strip of kelp in which she had made little holes with a piece of sharp shell, and the best shells and stones were piled up in her lap. She had made up her mind she could not have the doll, and she looked very sad and disappointed. It was nearly a mile to the hotel, and it seemed longer, for the speckled horse's load was very heavy. Prissy hugged the water-dolly very close, and kissed her a great many times before they stopped at the hotel piazza.

Mr. Starbird asked a young man if he knew of any child who had lost a doll, but he shook his head. This was encouraging, for he looked like a young man who knew a great deal. Then a boy standing near said, "Why, that's Nelly Hunt's doll. I'll go and find her."

Mr. Starbird went round to see the landlord, to arrange about carrying out a fishing party that afternoon, and Prissy felt very shy and lonesome waiting there alone on the load of sea-weed. She gave the dolly a parting hug, and the tears began to come into her eyes again.

In a few minutes a tall, kind-looking lady came down stairs and out on the piazza, and a little girl followed her. Prissy held out the doll without a word. It would have been so nice to have her to sleep with that night.

"Where in the world did you find her, my dear?" said the lady in the sweetest way—"you are a good little girl to have brought her home. What have you been crying about? Did you wish she was yours?" And she laid her soft white hand on Prissy's little sandy sunburnt one.

"Yes'm," said Prissy; "I did think she was going to be my doll, and then father said somebody must have lost her. I shouldn't like to be the other girl, and be afraid she was drowned."

This was a long speech from our friend, for she usually was afraid of strangers, and particularly the hotel folks. The lady smiled, and stooped to whisper to the little girl, who in a minute said, "Yes, indeed, mamma," aloud.

"Nelly says she will give you the dolly," said the lady. "We are sorry her clothes are spoiled, but some day, if you will come over, I will give you some pieces to make a new dress of. It will have to be either black or white, for I have nothing else

here, but I can find you some bright ribbons. Nelly left her out on the rocks, and the tide washed her away. I hope you will not be such a careless mamma as that."

"Haven't you any dolls of your own?" said Nelly; "I've six others. This one is Miss Bessie."

"No," said Prissy, who began to feel very brave and happy. "I had one the first of the summer. It was only a rag baby, and she was spoiled in the rain. Oh, I think you're real good!" And her eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"Dear little soul," said Mrs. Hunt, as she went in, after Mr. Starbird had come back, and they had gone away; "I wish you had seen her hug that doll as she turned the corner. I think I never saw a child more happy. It had been so hard for her to think she must give it up. I must find out where she lives."

You will know that Prissy went home in a most joyful state of mind. In the afternoon, just as soon as dinner, she went down to the play-house, carrying the shells and crabs, and she and the new dolly set up house-keeping. The play-house was in a corner where there was a high rock at the end of a fence. There were ledges in the rock that made nice shelves, and Sam had roofed it over with some long boards, put from the top of the rock to the fence, so it was very cozy. There were rows of different kinds of shells and crab-backs, marvelous sea-eggs, and big barnacles by the dozen. Sam had rolled in a piece of drift-wood, that had been part of the knee of a ship, and who could want a better sofa? There was a bit of looking-glass fastened to the fence by tacks, and there had been some pictures pinned up that Prissy had cut out of a paper, but these were nearly spoiled by the rain. A bottle, with a big staring marigold in it, stood on a point of a rock that she called her mantel-piece. Besides these treasures, she had a china mug, painted red, with "Friendship's offering" on it in gilt letters. The first thing she did was to go down to the shore, where she was busy for some time washing the dolly's clothes, which were very much spotted and crumpled, and full of sand and bits of sea-weed. The silk dress could only be brushed, her mother told her, and would not be quite clean again; but after all it was quite grand.

Prissy's "wash" was soon hung out on a bit of a fish-line, stretched near the play-house, and the doll, who had been taking a nap during this time, was waked up by her new mother. The sun shone bravely in at the door, and all the shells glistened. Prissy counted the sails out at sea, and noticed how near the light-house looked that day. "When I go out there again, you may go, too," said she to the doll—"you won't be a bit sea-sick, dear."

The water dolly looked happy as if she felt quite at home. Nelly Hunt came over next morning with a box of "Miss Bessie's" clothes and a paper of candy, and when she saw the play-house she

liked it so much that she stayed all the rest of the morning, and came to see Prissy ever so many times that summer before she went away.



THE GIANT WATABORE.

A Big Child's Story.

By M. M. D.

IN the year no hundred and something and one, there lived a mighty giant—a scientific giant, named Watabore. This mighty giant was noted for devouring information. Not an idea nor an opinion could come near him, but he would swallow it instantly. Nothing was too much for him. More than once he took in a whole headful of conflicting arguments without choking. The country, for miles around, rang with accounts of his daring and greed.

Well, this mighty scientific giant went on in this way, devouring information and swallowing all sorts of creeds and opinions, whether they agreed with him or not, until at last, as might be supposed, his system became terribly out of order. His eyes couldn't see straight; his ears deceived him; his appetite was completely gone; and he grew so thin that his poor body was not an eighth of a mile around. What to do he didn't know. The things he had swallowed disordered him to such an extent that everything went against him. The world soured on his mind. Everything was confusion.

When at last he decided to call in a first-class homœopath-allopath-hydropath-electric-movement-cure physician, he found there was no such person to be had. He couldn't even get a plaster-pill-lotion, though he sent to every shop in the county. And when he attempted to carry out his idea of remaining perfectly quiet with active exercise, he found it wouldn't answer at all. All at once he remembered that either the telegraphic locomotive engine or the steam telegraph, he wasn't

sure which, was wonderfully good for something, if applied boiling cold and taken inwardly on soft flannel; but his friends assured him the thing couldn't be done, that no nurse living would undertake to apply such a remedy, so he gave it up, though his sufferings were fearful. His mind couldn't lie easy in any position, and as I said before, his appetite was entirely gone. Serve up facts, opinions, theories and creeds as daintily as his friends might, not one could he swallow.

They consulted the man in the moon.

"Let him take a lecture every other night," said the man in the moon.

It was a bitter pill; but the giant took it. Every other night he swallowed a lecture, but it did not help him. In fact, he grew worse. There wasn't a point on which his mind could rest comfortably. Hungrier than ever, it was useless to offer him anything. Nothing would go down.

At last, somebody thought of something.

Show him an opinion-maker.

They brought him one, but it was such a little thing that the mighty giant could make nothing out of it. "It seems to be some sort of a hop-toad," said he; "big for a hop-toad, yet smaller than those skipping things called horses. Fetch me a microscope."

They brought one. Watabore carefully stood the opinion-maker on his finger and commenced to examine it.

"Ha!" cried the giant, "what do I see? Can it be possible? The opinion-maker is nothing but

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a man! Grind my teeth! but he is at work now. The little midget is throwing them off before my very eyes,—all sorts of opinions,—good, bad, and so-so. Some of them worse than so-so,—positively poisonous! And here have I been, gulping down his wares whole, without examining them. Odd flupps! The world must be full of these creatures. Fetch me another."

So the giant went on, with his microscope, exam-

From that day the giant prospered. His appetite returned; but, instead of swallowing every opinion he met with, he either made very cautious selections, choosing the good and rejecting the bad, or he prepared his own. He collected the best raw material he could find for the purpose, and took care to examine his stock very often, so as to throw out all opinions that were not worth keeping. And when he found an opinion very differ-



THE GIANT WATABORE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

ining one opinion-maker after another, until he arrived at the very sensible conclusion, that these little creatures might be very useful in their way, but there was no reason why he should let them do all his thinking. Opinion-making was a business in which every one had a right to take part for himself.

ent from his own, he compared both carefully and held to the better one. On this diet his appetite became just what a healthy giant's appetite ought to be, and—that's all I know of the mighty scientific giant Watabore, who lived in the year no hundred and something and one.

THE CRUISE OF THE ANTIOCH.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

"BLESS your dear heart! *you* don't want to go to sea!" They always said this to little Jack, but the small boy, who rejoiced that his home, at least, had a flavor of the sea about it, was not a bit pleased that old Reeler should so chuck him under the chin when he said it. "As if I were a hateful little girl," said Jack, angrily. It was a rambling, tumble-down old town by the sea where he lived. Jack's father, and uncles, and grandfather, and, for all I know, his grandfather's father and grandfather had been sailors, captains, mates, and general ploughers of the sea. As the youngster idled along the beach, watching the fishing-

Bible, a fine-tooth comb, and a jar of mince jelly, of which last Jack was very fond. You may be sure she added a mother's blessing; and thus supplied, Jack sailed out of the harbor on the stanch ship, Antioch; and the last thing he saw was old Keeler sweeping off Tilden's wharf, just as the sun rose. He was at sea at last.

The ship was bound to the North Sea, and Jack, who soon grew familiar with all the ways and manners of sailor life, became the hero of the Antioch. When the captain's baby girl fell overboard, who but Jack leaped from the main truck, and, gallantly seizing the little maid by the waist, swam to the



"BLESS YOUR DEAR HEART! YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO SEA."

boats putting off for their short voyages, or gazed with a great longing out into the misty blue, where sky and water meet, the sailor-men would shake their heads and say, "His father and grandfather were drowned at sea; so'll he be." For Jack wanted to go to sea more than anything else.

And this is how he went: As he lay on his cot one night, his mother, who had always said that it would break her heart if he went to sea, came to him and told him that the good ship, Antioch, was going to sail in an hour, and that he might go if he wished. She put up a bundle of things in a bandanna handkerchief. There was a sheet of ginger-bread, a four-bladed knife, a ball of rope-yarn, a box of dominoes, a pair of blankets, a pocket

ship with her. It was Jack who put gunpowder in the sailors' lobscombe, when they were not looking, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks as they tried in vain to eat it, and swore that the cook was poisoning them. When they were lying in Snerdavic, on the Swordland Sea, Jack made a great name for himself by his whale exploit. He saw a monstrous "bight" whale come blowing past the Antioch, with a harpoon sticking in his head. At one bound, he hopped from the ship's rail to the back of the astonished whale, seized the lanyard, or rope attached to the harpoon, and, waving his hat in return for the cheers from the fleet in the harbor, steered his captive up the fiord, and drove him ashore, just below the Jotsen Skalder, where

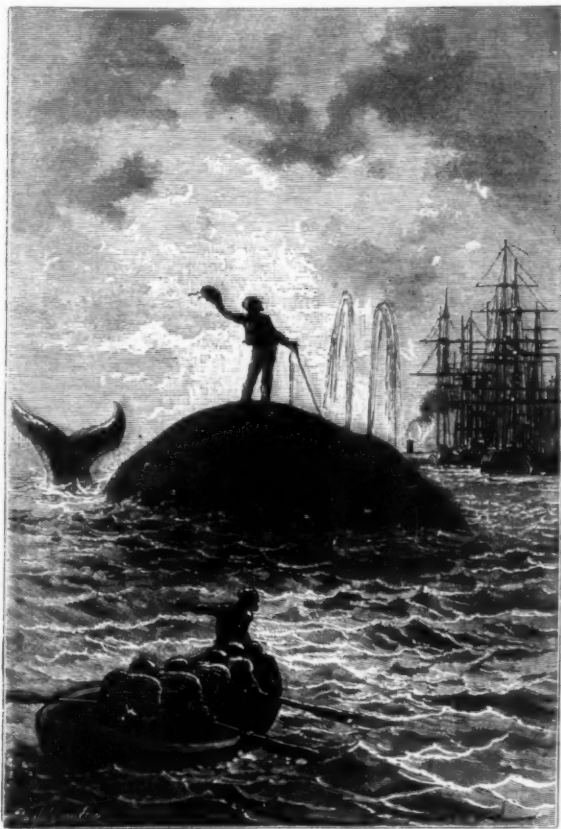
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the huge creature was cut up and made into excellent oil.

Passing into the Arctic circle the Antioch was locked fast among the icebergs of that frosty region. Time hung heavily on their hands, but Jack was, as usual, the life of the crew. The songs he sang, the games he cut up on the ice, and the adventures

for nearly six months; then it is night all the rest of the year. The Antioch was soon driving down a tropical coast where the shore was lined with the most delicious fruits and flowers. Mangos, bananas, pine-apples and fragrant nuts loaded the branches, and brilliant flowers of unknown kinds swept down to the water's edge, and swung dreamily in the



"JACK STEERED HIS CAPTIVE UP THE FIORD."

he had among the polar bears would astonish you very much. He had now grown to be quite a man, for he had been gone from home many years. He did not once hear from his mother; and though he did not notice it then, he thought afterwards that it was very queer.

But waltzing on the ice with the white bears—wild fun as it was—could not always last. The ship was melted out of her frosty prison by the long summer day; for, in those parts the sun never sets

crystal tide. But in the tropics, you know, storms are sudden and waters are dark too. While Jack gazed with longing on the charming sights on shore, the black clouds rolled up, the sea rose like a mad, hunted creature, and the blinding glare of the lightning smote his eyes. His stomach reeled and he felt deathly sick; he seized the rigging to keep from being washed overboard. On the ship drove hurriedly toward the black lodes from which the lovely flowers had now gone. The

captain seized a rope's end, and cutting him across the bare legs, bawled—"Lay aloft there, you lubber, or I'll break every bone in your body!" Terrified by such a sudden change in the captain's manner, Jack, bursting into tears, shouted, "Mother! mother!" "Well, my darling," said she, coming

into his chamber, "you must not lie on your back; you'll surely have bad dreams if you do." Jack, very much astonished, and still trembling with dread of Captain Tarbucket's rope's end, sat up in his little white bed. The cruise of the Antioch was over.



JACK WALTZING ON THE ICE WITH THE WHITE BEARS.

THE DATE AND SOME OTHER PALMS.

BY FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

DATES, to us merely an occasional luxury, are to the Arab the very "staff of life," just as the camel is his "ship of the desert." The date tree, one of the large family of *palms*, is a native of both Asia and Africa, and will grow readily in any sandy soil where the climate is not too cold. It was long ago introduced into Spain by the Moors, and a few are still found even in the South of France. But the most extensive date forests are those in the Barbary States, where they are sometimes miles in length.

Growing thus, the trees are very beautiful. Their towering crests touching each other, they seem like an immense natural temple. The walls are formed of far-reaching vines and creepers that twine gracefully about the tall, straight trunks, and the ground beneath is dotted with tiny wild-flowers that, with their rainbow tints and bright green foliage, are

more beautiful than any floor of costly mosaics. For worshipers there are thousands of gay plumaged birds, flitting from bough to bough, as they carol forth their morning and evening songs, their little bosoms quivering with gladness.

The Bedouins, or wild Arabs of the desert, who consider it beneath their dignity to sow or plant, or cultivate the soil in any way, depend upon gathering the date where they can find it growing wild; but the Arabs of the plains cultivate it with great care and skill, thus improving the size and flavor of the fruit, and largely increasing the yield. In some varieties they have succeeded in doing away with the hard seed, and the so-called seedless dates, being very large and fine, are highly prized. When ripe, the date is of a bright golden color, fragrant and luscious; and in the dry, hot countries where palms grow, no better food for morning,

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noon, or night can be found, while one never wearies of the sweet pulpy fruit, gathered fresh from the tree. But the trees do not bear all the year round, of course, and so the Arabs make what they call date honey, using for this the juice of the ripe fruit, and those who can afford it preserve dates fresh through the year, by keeping them in close vessels covered over with this honey.

Wine and spirits are also made from dates by distillation; but they are sold, for the most part, to foreign traders. For the Arabs are exceedingly temperate in their habits; and poor and ignorant as many of them are, a drunken man is never found among them. There is still another product of the date—one that is of vast importance to the poor Arabs in their long journeys across the deserts. This is date-flour, made by drying the ripe fruit in the sun, and afterward grinding it to powder. It is then packed in tight sacks, and if stowed away from the damp will keep for years. This is food in its most compact form, easily carried about, and needing no cooking; it has only to be moistened with a little water, and the meal is ready for eating. How wisely has the all-loving Father provided for these sons of a barren soil, suiting his mercies to their needs—giving them for their toilsome journeys the patient, hardy camel, the only beast of burden that could bear the heat and drought of their deserts; and for their own sustenance, the wholesome, nutritious date.

But it is not alone of the fruit of his precious tree that the Arab makes use. A pleasant beverage called palm-wine is drawn from the trunk, by tapping, as we tap sugar-maples in this country; the trunks of the old trees furnish a durable wood for building houses and furniture—the leaves make baskets and hats, and the fibrous portions, when stripped out, make excellent twine, ropes, and fishing lines. Even the stones or “pits” are useful—the fresh ones for planting, while the dried are turned to account in Egypt for cattle feed, in China for making Indian ink, and in Spain for the manufacture of the tooth-powder sold as “ivory-black.”

A tree when mature will bear two hundred and fifty pounds of dates in a season, and sometimes even more. The gathering is no easy task, as I think my boy readers would say after they had tried to scale one of those straight, round trunks, full sixty feet high, without a single branch to handle or furnish foot-hold, and the entire stem rough with scaly, horn-like protuberances, not pleasant to touch with either hands or feet. But these oriental fruit gatherers are very agile, and have a way of their own to reach these dizzy heights, and possess themselves of the tantalizing fruit hidden away among those sharp-pointed leaves. First a strong rope is passed across the climber's back and under

his arm-pits, and then, after being passed around the tree, the two ends are tied together firmly in a knot. The rope is then placed on one of the notches left by the foot-stalk of an old leaf, and the man slips that portion which is under his arm-pits towards the middle of his back, thus letting his shoulder blades rest thereon; and then with knees and hands, he grasps firmly the trunk, and raises himself a few inches higher. Then holding fast by knees and feet and one hand, with the other he slips the rope a little higher up the tree, letting it lodge on another of those horny protuberances, and so on till the summit is gained. The fruit, growing in dense clusters at the top, is easily plucked and thrown down when it is reached, and is then caught in a large cloth held at the corners by four men.

The general name of the palms, of which there are a great many varieties, is derived from the Latin *palma*, a hand, from the fancied resemblance of their quaint, pointed leaves to the human hand. They are all singularly graceful in structure, with tall, straight, branchless trunks, and with their ever-verdant crowns that seem almost to touch the clouds, are beautiful beyond description. Among the ancients, the palm was the symbol of victory, and conquerors in the Grecian games were often crowned with chaplets woven of its young leaves.

In the particulars I have named, all the varieties of palm closely resemble each other; in other respects each species has its peculiar characteristics. I have already described to you the date, and will now mention a few others.

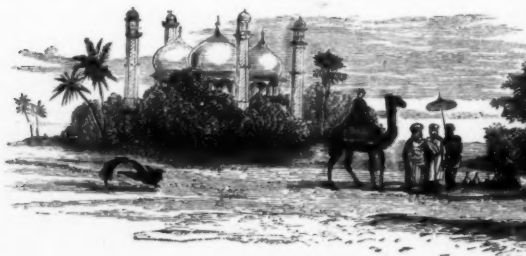
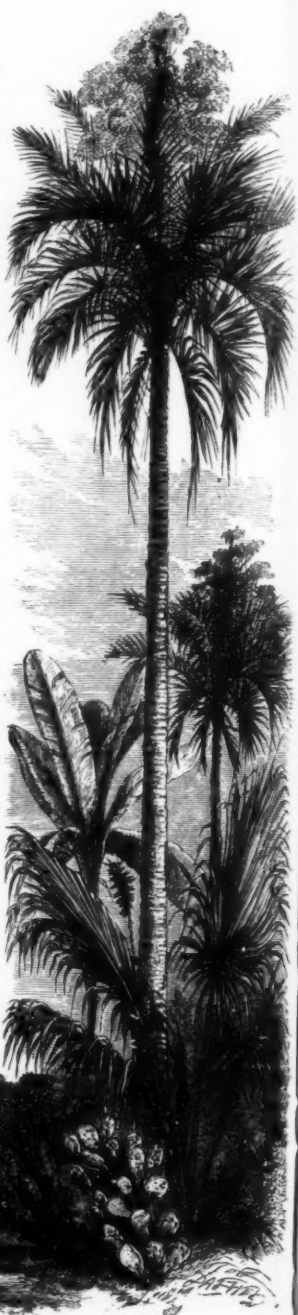
The fan palm is found in greatest abundance in the warmer portions of South America and the East Indies. It usually grows in groups, and lives to the age of a century and a-half. The wild tribes of *Guaranues*, who live near the mouths of the Orinoco, derive their entire sustenance from this tree. They suspend mats made of the stalks of the leaves from stem to stem, and during the long rainy season, when the delta is overflowed, they reside entirely in the trees; by means of these mats keeping warm and dry, and living among their leafy bowers as securely as if they belonged to the monkey tribe. Their hanging huts are partially covered with clay; the fire for cooking is lighted on the lower story, and the traveler, in sailing along the river by night, sees the flames in long rows, looking as if suspended in the air. The fruit of this same tree supplies the food of the inhabitants of the huts, the sap makes a pleasant drink, the blossoms sometimes form an agreeable salad, and the pith of the stem contains at certain seasons a sort of sage-like meal, with which to vary their bill of fare.

The cocoanut is another of the palms of special value to the people of the tropics. The husk furnishes them with excellent ropes, the green nut affords a palatable drink, and the ripe contains an oil that supplies butter for the table, perfumery for ladies' toilettes, and a good light for their houses. The leaves are several feet long, glossy and beautiful. The fruit is too well known to need description; as are also the bananas and plantains. But I wish you could see the huge, polished leaves, and the bright purple blossoms of the plantains—they are so grandly beautiful. Single trees will bear about two hundred pounds of ripe luscious fruit at a time, and they continue bearing nearly the year round.

The wild palm of the desert is usually found standing in solitary grandeur near a fountain; and you can imagine the joy with which the poor thirsty traveler, almost dying for water, sees at last, one of these tall trees just visible in the distance, telling of at least a tiny, bubbling spring where he will surely find water enough to save him from perishing. The stem is usually rough and uncomely with the withered rampart of old leaves that have remained from year to year, but it is beautiful in the eyes of the weary, thirsty, perishing traveler—beautiful as the distant 'light-house to the storm-driven mariner.

Perhaps, after all, the most curious of the palms is the talipat, that derives its name from the Bali word *talipoin*, which means priest, and it is so called because the sacred fans used by Buddhist priests are made of these leaves. There is another use made of the leaves of the *talipat* palm, that is deemed by Buddhists quite as sacred as the fans: The leaves are dried and pressed perfectly smooth, then soaked in milk, and while still damp, they are inscribed with the laws and traditions of the Buddhist faith. The people think the book all the more sacred that it is written on the leaves of the talipat palm; and nearly all their religious books, as well as important historical records, are written on this material. The ink is a sort of wood-oil that is obtained from a tree that grows in most parts of India; and the pen is an iron *stylus*, very nearly resembling those formerly used by the Romans for writing on their tablets of wax. The books are not bound, nor the leaves even sewed together, but are simply strung on silken cords, one at each end of the slips, which are readily turned in reading.

There is said to be in a temple on the island of Ceylon, a book written in the Bali language, on the leaves of the talipat palm, that contains eleven hundred and seventy-two leaves, or two thousand and three hundred and forty-four pages. The talipats are so valuable, that half-a-dozen trees are considered a small fortune of themselves, yielding the owner a comfortable support, and furnishing an important item in the estate bequeathed to his heirs.



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AN ADVENTURE WITH A CRITIC.

BY JOHN RIVERSIDE.

If Ned McGilp was not a great painter, it was not his fault; no artist ever worked harder. Early and late he was in the fields or woods studying the forms and color of trees, rocks, mountains, plants, and clouds; or he was in his studio working out on canvas the charming things which he found in nature. Yet, somehow or another, his pictures did not sell. He could not even get an opinion from the critics. His little sister said that everything he painted was "just lovely." And another young lady, for whom Ned had a very high admiration, thought and declared that his pictures were "heavenly." But these fair critics could not buy his pictures, of course; and their praises, while they fed his vanity, did not help him to fame and reputation. Ned used to say that he had never met with one honest critic. He was determined that he would find one such; and he did.

Last summer, despairing of finding anything new to paint among the Atlantic States, Mr. Ned McGilp packed up his "painting traps" and betook himself to California. People are tired (so he said) of smug Connecticut towns, with white steeples, nestling among maples and elms; they have been fed so long on White Mountain scenery, and Lake Georges, and bosky dells, and sylvan glades, that they want something new. I'll go and find it. So he went and found it.

Among the Santa Cruz mountains, a broken and picturesque ridge that skirts the Pacific Ocean, just south of San Francisco, McGilp fixed his painting camp. Near the saw-mill of Mr. J. Bowers, better known as "Missouri Joe," the young artist found shelter and lodging. Most of the daylight hours he passed in the open air. The grand old peaks and gorges, shining with water-falls, or covered with noble mahogany and madroña trees, gave him a new delight. He painted as if he were mad. It would be useless to tell you how many yards of canvas and square feet of sketching paper he covered. Mr. J. Bowers used to remark, thoughtfully, that "that thar painter chap war a powerful dabster at his biz." But Mr. Bowers was not the critic Ned McGilp was looking for. He set up his easel, day after day, on the mountain side and manfully worked away, forgetting all about his critic. Quite likely he was not expecting him in the least.

One day, leaving the San Gabriel road on the left, and climbing up the Felipe Felipena ridge, which, of course, all California tourists remember,

Ned planted his easel firmly on a broad bench of rock, overlooking a deep ravine, beyond which the mountain rose in rocky steepes, dotted with scrubby oaks and mansanitas, against the horizon. To the right the ravine wound around a noble spike of bald, grey rock, down which came tumbling a laughing stream, making a soft roar of mirth in the air. This was the scene which he had looked at, and decided days before, should be the subject of his grand picture. Swiftly he went to work, softly repeating to himself the lines of some favorite poet of nature, as he spread his colors and made his canvas begin to glow with the tender hues of sky and mountain.

So intent was he upon his work, that he did not know that a large black bear, one of a numerous family that lives in the Santa Cruz mountains, had quietly come up behind him, and now, gravely squatted down, was watching him at his work with great interest. Ned's brushes flew swiftly; the colors beamed on the canvas, and the lines of the picture grew firm and clear. Bruin looked on attentively; and Ned said softly to himself, "This might please the critic—if he ever sees it. This is the picture that shall make my fortune, if I ever make it." He paused a moment to think of the little girl with brown eyes who thought his pictures "heavenly," when he heard behind him a contemptuous chuff, as if some one said, "I have a very poor opinion of that." He looked about, angrily, and saw Bruin regarding him and his work with great disdain.

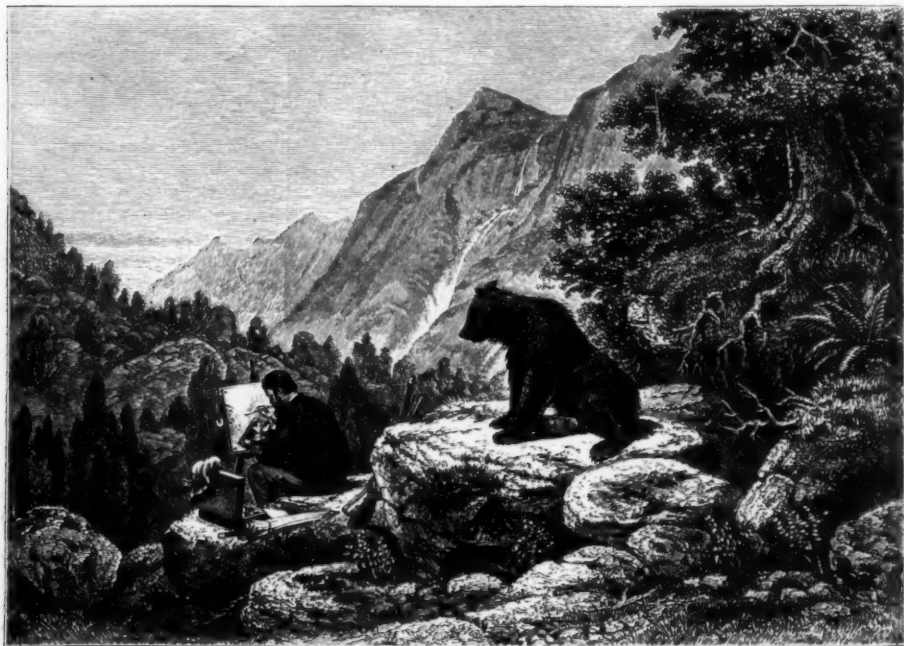
Mr. McGilp might have stopped to argue the case; he was in a great hurry, however, and fled at once, leaving behind him his picture, brushes, colors, hat, and even his loaded gun, which happened to be nearer the bear than the artist. He did not stop until he reached the opposite side of the ravine, when, expecting to feel the bear's sharp claws on his shoulders, he ventured to look around. To his great relief, Bruin had not followed one step of the way; but, on the other side, the ungainly creature stood on his hind legs, regarding the unfinished picture with an air of great dissatisfaction. He growled at it roughly, in the manner of most critics; perhaps he found something wrong in the distance, or the drawing was faulty. I am inclined to think that he was much displeased with the boldness of the coloring. At any rate, he rudely knocked over the easel, put one paw on the canvas, and then deliberately licked off every scrap

of the beautiful colors. Even this did not soften his rage—perhaps it was not to his taste—and, after mashing the painter's color-box into small bits, he seized the gun, and began to hug and twirl it about with rage. Bang! bang! went the gun, for both barrels were loaded. Bruin looked at the smoking muzzle of the gun with great surprise, clapped his paw to his own black muzzle, as if he did not like the smell of powder, gave one yell of dismay and astonishment, dropped the battered gun, and fled up the mountain side much quicker than Mr. Ned McGilp had before fled in the opposite direction.

Very cautiously, McGilp returned to the ruined

rifle, went in pursuit of the courageous critic. He never found him. Perhaps he had an engagement on some of the New York newspapers; I think I have heard of him since. But Mr. Ned McGilp painted his damaged picture over again. He put in the ravine, waterfalls, sky, and mountain, just as before. But he added a portrait of himself at his easel with his severe bear-critic gazing on the work.

This last picture was much more interesting and valuable than the first one would have been, had Ned finished it. The figure of the black bear in the painting excited so much curiosity and comment when it was exhibited, and when it became known



"THIS PICTURE SHALL MAKE MY FORTUNE," SAID NED.

outfit, picked up the shattered canvas and color-box, and went back to Bowers' saw-mill with much lowliness of spirit. He had met his critic, at last.

Mr. Bowers was disgusted "that thar pictur chap should be chased by a bar," and, taking down his

that the bear incident was a real one, that the picture sold for a high price. More than this, it gave Ned such a good reputation as an artist that he is now quite satisfied that, after all, his "grand picture" will be the means of really making his fortune.

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NAYLOR O' THE BOWL.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

THE story of Beak's Derricks was this. Jem Beak was a sharp young fellow in a Western town, who was paid the high wages which skilled hands in the iron mills command. By some chance he heard of a few acres of land for sale in the Kanawha (West Virginia) Valley, in which he fancied oil might be found. He persuaded some of his companions, who had saved a little money, to take it out of savings banks and building associations; to buy the hill-side and go with him to working it. They found oil, not enough to make them rich, but to pay them better than iron mills. But with the oil or their pay we have nothing to do.

The derricks stood in a defile or gut of the mountains to which the only access was by a creek wide and deep enough to float their rafts when laden with barrels. Few strangers came to this lonely place, and no women. Beak and his five partners and their workmen lived in cabins, cooked and washed, and served themselves. The shadow of one hill or the other lay over the wells all day long, giving to the defile a gloomy and forbidding air. Beak used to say, by way of a grim joke, that the cry of blood seemed to issue from the ground, and that the place ought to be called Murderer's Hollow. Outside of the mouth of the defile, there lay like a wonderful picture, a broad river and low green hills over which the birds flew and the clouds heaped themselves once or twice a day and turned into glittering palaces and towns of carnelian and jasper. But Beak and his companions cared nothing for rivers or hills unless there was oil in them. Very soon, too, no jokes passed among the men, grim or otherwise. Lads out of mills are not apt to know much about the friendships or courtesies or even amusements which boys in school and college delight in: even their fun is likely to consist in hard hitting. When Beak and Welker and the others, therefore, began to quarrel about the yield of oil or amount of

ground due to each, there were no soft pleasant remembrances or common ground of good-humored amusements and politenesses to fall back on for a fresh start. They bickered and snarled, all day long, and went to bed to rise and bicker again. In time they ceased speaking one to the other, giving orders each to his own workmen. One after another would threaten to sell out, but did not sell out, afraid the others would cheat him. In old times they had been used to take a little holiday, running off in couples to the neighboring town for a change of air, and harmless frolic. Now they all stayed at the derricks to watch each other. Tales of their greed and their quarrels began to spread through the country-side, and some of the country papers went so far as to call them "a band of young thieves and cut-throats, leagued together." This, of course, was going too far. But people avoided the gloomy valley, and it was left to its shadows and ill repute more and more with each succeeding year.

Matters were in this state when Joe Welker received a letter one day, on the reading of which his glum face darkened still more.

"I'll have a mess-mate now, Phil," he said that evening to the negro cook who baked and broiled for them in turn. Phil was a good-humored, civil fellow, and they were all in the habit of gossiping with him, good-humor and civility being at so high a premium at the Wells. "It's an old gentleman," continued Joe, with a touch of pride, "my grandfather. He's been left quite alone in the world: I'm his only relative."

"What ye gwine do wid him, Mr. Welker?" "Bring him here."

Now Phil's idea of an old gentleman was the reverend gray-haired clergyman whom he had served long ago. "Dis isn't ezactly de place for dem ar," he said, gravely looking about him.

Welker, going up to his cabin, looked about him, too, and saw for the first time the mud pits, the filth gathered in front of the huts, the heap of ashes, potato parings and bones at his own door.

"I can't bring him here," he muttered: "but what else am I to do?"

Welker, scapegrace as he was, had always had an absolute reverence for his grandfather Naylor, and he felt it to be very strange that he had been left to his care. "Seems as if God was in it," speaking the name of God for the first time in many months without an oath. He fell to work at the heap of ashes. By night it was gone. The next day Beak's Derricks was amazed to see Welker busy whitewashing his cabin. All kinds of jokes passed among the men about the visitor he ex-

He looked behind him,—up—down.

"Hel-lo!" he cried.

Just on a level with his knees was the head of an old man, the gray hair falling thick about it. The face was pale and wrinkled, but full of kindness and good humor—even fun. The old man's body was large as Jem's own, but it ended at the knees. Both legs were gone. He sat in a low round basket on wheels, which he worked slowly along by his hands. Jem's "Hello" went down into a compassionate "Tut! tut!" as he stooped and pushed the basket up to a safer place. The men glanced at each other with a pitying shake of the head and then took off their hats. "Good day, sir. Hope I see you well," one said after the other. To Beak or to Welker they would have nodded with their hats on.



"WHAT COULD I DO?" SAID BEAK AGAIN.

pected. They said it was a rich relative who would lend him money; or, could it be that Joe meant to marry? Whoever it might be would meet with a cool reception. Welker was the most unpopular of the partners, and the Derricks, without a word, entered into a conspiracy to make the place too unpleasant to hold his guest.

"Gentleman, indeed!" said Beak to some of his men, "we want no tag-rags of gentility here." Phil had just brought word that the stranger had arrived in the night.

"And this is Mr. Beak, I'm sure?" said a cheerful, hearty voice from under Jem's feet, as he thought.

"Yes, I am James Beak, sir. And you?"

"Naylor, Joe Welker's grandfather. 'Naylor o' the Bowl' they call me sometimes," glancing with a smile down at his odd carriage. "Yes, I've come to live with you all. I wish I was eighteen instead of eighty to go in with you in earnest. Five young fellows joined together in business and fun. All friends! Why, you could move the world if you chose. Joe used to write to me about you at first, until I knew you all. Precisely the kind of thing I should have liked as a boy; but I never, when Joe described his chums, thought I should be one of you. Yet here I am!"

"I'm sure we are very glad you are one of us,"

said Beak.

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said Beak, holding out his hand. "What else could I do?" he said afterward, when telling of it.

Naylor shook it cordially. "There comes another of the partners; introduce me," rubbing his hands in glee. "I want to know you all at once: I tell Joe that you must take me into all your troubles and frolics—eh, boys? It puts new blood into me to come among such a hearty lot of good fellows, all working together!"

"What *could* I do?" said Beak again, talking of it, "I couldn't look the old man in the eye somehow and tell him we were living like so many dogs fighting over a bone. I called Pratt up (it was George Pratt) and I introduced him to gran'ther Naylor. Whether the shock of seeing him knocked the wits out of George, or whether he was anxious to be friends again, I don't know, but after he had shaken hands with the old man, he shook hands with me!"

Presently the old gentleman bowled himself off to find "some more of his new partners," he said. He had brought all the late papers down, and distributed them as he went; stopped at every door to talk a little, then was off to one well after another, asking questions, testing the oil, smelling bits of the earth and tasting it, as though he were an expert, to the great amusement of masters and men.

Joe Welker, who had made some excuse for remaining behind, started out to find his grandfather about noon. He could not bring himself to tell the old man the truth about the wretched condition of affairs in this place to which he had come, and preferred to shirk it and let him find out for himself. When he found him, it was in front of black Phil's door. The workmen had lifted him, basket and all, up on a horse-block, and were lounging about eating their "nooning," while he read some story from the newspaper, adding anecdotes of his own adventures when he was a younger and a whole man, which brought forth shouts of laughter and applause. Beak, Pratt and Williams (another of the partners) were all seated near the door, as Welker saw with amazement; shying away from each other gruffly, it is true, yet now and then exchanging words.

"Time to go home, grandfather," said Joe, grimly.

"Eh? Really, Joseph? The morning has passed so quickly that I— Take care, my boy, you can't lift me down alone."

Beak and Williams both started forward to Joe's help. "All right!" chirped the old man; "these lads would be capital nurses! Women could not do better. I generally take a nap these hot afternoons. As there is only half of me, I don't run full time—eh? But come over in the evening, lads. Come over, Joe will be delighted to see you, and

I've some good cheese there I'd like you to try. I brought it with me. You'll all come?"

"I shall be very happy to see you, gentlemen," said Welker, growing red. "They've not let him know," he thought; "that was clever of the boys."

They all answered him politely enough.

Pratt, however, was the only one who appeared in the evening.

Early the next morning "gran'ther," as they all began to call him, began his rounds again. Whether because of his white hair, or his utter helplessness, or his cheerful, friendly voice, he seemed to carry a new life into the gloom and hatred of Beak's Derricks.

Stryber, the roughest and most bitter of the partners, left a curiously-carved wooden pipe with Phil for the old man. "His face minds me of my own father," he said, in explanation. Beak and Williams looked up some books to lend him which had been stowed away in their cabins for many a day. Every evening they all gathered about him somewhere. He had such an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and riddles that everybody began to beat their brains to furnish matches for them; and after they had tried them on him, they told them to each other. Men cannot keep up ill-humor long after they have laughed together. Jokes, puns, conundrums flew about the Derricks thick as hail—nobody had known what a jolly fellow his neighbor could be until now.

The old man, too, was perpetually calling on somebody for a song, after piping out "The Bay of Biscay," or "The Maid of Lodi," in his shrill treble. Now, there was not a man at the wells who did not think himself a very fair singer. In the course of a week or two you would hear songs of all sorts in all kinds of voices—tenor, baritone, bass—roared and shouted and mumbled all day long. The raftsmen on the river began to suspect the town of drinking too hard, so jolly and gay had it gradually become; even the shadow of the hills fell less heavily, Beak fancied, than before.

It was on the fourth Sunday after his arrival that the old man began his rounds early in the morning. Tapping softly on every door with his stick, "Ho, boys," he said, "Parson's come! Did not expect to get over for two weeks, but here he is! Preaching in the big shed at ten o'clock. Bring your hymn books; everybody must sing."

Now, Mr. Armstrong, the clergyman, who came two or three times in a season to preach to these people, was used to see the big shed very nearly vacant. What was his surprise, therefore, to find all the partners and many of the men seated and orderly before he began. He observed the glances they gave furtively to a poor mutilated stump of a man who sat in the midst of them.

"They are afraid of him," he thought shrewdly. "They are afraid he should know they never have been here before." He saw what they could not. What a rare, strong meaning was in the old man's face; what wisdom and fine charity under the jollity and good humor. "There is a man," he said to Beak, "who is born with a power of leading other men. His influence is good here."

"I don't know—why, certainly, it is good," said Beak, who had not thought of it before, "it would not be so great if he had his legs," laughing. "But the men regard him both as they would a child and an old man. He is as helpless as a baby, you see, and as wise as the prophet Elijah, though he never lectures us," laughing.

"There are other ways of preaching than in the pulpit," said Mr. Armstrong.

Now, a great deal may be done by joking and laughing, and kindly talk in the way of keeping peace and harmony in a community. Even one pleasant, good-humored face every day going up and down among us is like mortar that holds all conflicting parts together. But gran'ther Naylor's work was not complete. At the end of the year he was still the centre of the once jarring, disorderly village; no longer jarring or disorderly. Welker's cabin had been the first to reach the honor of a coat of paint; in the spring the old man wheeled his basket about the yard setting out pear and plum trees where the pigs and dung-heaps had been. Very soon, paint, whitewash and fruit-trees came into fashion. The workmen collected about him, as usual, in the evenings. Many was the fight nipped in its bloody growth by the sound of the paddle, paddle of Naylor's bowl along the cinder walk; many a young fellow set down the glass of whiskey untasted and sneaked hurriedly from the bar-room, hearing the old man's hearty voice outside. But the partners were not friends. They nodded gruffly when they met, and each would willingly have gone back to their old brotherhood, but pride held them back.

The winter of '59 was a severe one. The one street of Beak's Derricks was well nigh impassable for full-grown men; no one was surprised or anxious, therefore, at missing Naylor o' the Bowl from his accustomed haunts. But one day word went about that the old man was ill and wished to see all his old friends. The work at the wells flagged that day; the men, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with a liberal display of white shirts and red cravats, were going to Welker's cabin from morning until night, singly and in groups, always coming out with cheerfuller faces than when they went in.

"He'll come round," they said to each other. "Dying men don't have that spirit nor courage;" for Naylor had joked and laughed with them just

as he had always done. He never had preached to nor advised them, and they did not notice that the joke and laugh always left them more kindly, happier men.

"I did not want to say good-bye to any of them," the old man said to Joe. "And when our partners come, put me in my basket; let the lads remember the old man at the last as they have always known him."

He always called Beak, Williams, Stryber and Pratt "our partners," though he knew they were not even Joe's partners any longer. Welker had scarcely raised him up into his wicker bowl when the young men came. It was noticeable that they came together, nodding to each other gravely as they first met. Pratt, who was the gentlest and most kindly-natured among them, was the first to speak.

"The old man's going fast, I hear. Well, the Derricks will lose a good friend."

"None better," said Stryber, gloomily.

They had reached the cabin now and went in. The window shutters were open. The cheerful sunset light fell on the mutilated old creature in his bowl, raised on a table to a level with their heads. His wrinkled face was strangely pale. The white hair hung about his neck, but his blue eyes were joyous as a boy's going home after a long absence. He held out both hands.

"Here you are, lads, here you are!"

The men crowded around him. They touched each other in touching him. Their faces were gloomy and agitated.

"Have you any pain, grandfather?" said Beak.

"No, just weak—weaker every day; death couldn't come more pleasantly—with all my partners about me too," looking about with a feeble laugh.

Nobody could answer him. His head dropped on the rim of his bowl. Stryber and Joe lifted it and joined hands to support it.

"It's all been so pleasant," said Naylor o' the Bowl, looking at the young men and past them at the hills without. "It's been a good friendly world, but so is the other—so is the other. There's friends watching me go here, and friends watching for me to come yonder."

"Water," whispered Williams. Beak brought it and wet his lips. The men were young; death was not a common thing to them. It seemed as though they, too, stood in its dreadful light, on the edge of the unknown sea, with the worlds on this side and on that, where all were friends. Friends? With whom were they friends? How would their greed, and hate and bitterness avail them when they stood where the old man stood now?

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He looked from one set and stern face to the other. "Boys, I think I'm going now," he said, gently. "I'll not say good-bye, because—because you're all coming to meet me some day—we'll be friends there again and partners—eh, boys? All friends—and—and partners?" His eyes turned on them from the verge of that unknown world, eager and begging of them.

The men looked at each other with no hasty emotion, but a long unanswered question in their eyes. Then as by one impulse they joined hands.

"We'll meet you, gran'ther," said Beak, "and will be friends again and partners."

When they turned to the old man again his eyes were closed.

Naylor o' the Bowl's work was done.



THE moon came late to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about:
"Fair night," quoth she, "are the family in?"
"Oh! no, they are, every one, out."

THE TEN LITTLE DWARFS.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

BY SOPHIE DORSEY.



THE long winter evenings had set in, and William's farm-house was the scene of frequent gatherings of friends and relatives. After the day's work, the family were accustomed to assemble around the fireside, and neighbors joined them; for in the solitary valleys of the Vosges Mountains, dwellings are scattered and neighborhood establishes a sort of relationship.

It is there, around the glowing flame of pine knots, that friendships are cemented; the sweet warmth of the fire, the joyous reunion, and the freedom of conversation lead to intimacies. Hearts freely open to hearts, and minds unite in a thousand projects, each inner life is thrown into a common stock, the outer one being cast off for the occasion, as a mask thrown aside.

Sometimes Cousin Prudence joined the evening party, in spite of the distance he had to come, and *then* it was a real holiday at the farm; for this cousin is the cleverest "story teller" in the mountains; he not only knows all those the fathers have related, but also those told in books. He knows when all the old houses were built, and the histories of all the old families. He has learned the names of the moss-covered stones, which rise upon the hills like columns, or like altars; he is, in short, a living tradition of the country and its lore. And more than that, he is the *Wise Man*. He has learned to read hearts, and he rarely fails to discover the cause of any ill that may afflict them; others may know remedies for the infirmities of the body, but the old peasant treats infirmities of the soul, so the popular voice has bestowed on him the respected name of "Goodman Prudence."

It is the first time within the new year that he has appeared at the farm gatherings, and every one, at the sight of him, shouts for joy; they give him the very best place by the fireside, they form a circle around him, and William, the farmer, lights his pipe and seats himself right in front of him. The Goodman Prudence is then, first by one and then by another, informed of every piece of news about everything and everybody in the neighborhood; he wishes to know how the crops turned out, if the last colt is thriving, how the poultry yard is flourishing; but all his inquiries, when addressed to the farmer's wife, formerly so cheerful, are an-

swered slowly and in an uninterested manner, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; for the pretty Martha thinks often of the village where she grew up, regrets the dances under the Elms, the long walks in the fields with her young companions, when they laughed and plucked flowers from the hedges, the long chats in the square and at the fountain. So it often happens that Martha sits with her arms listlessly hanging by her side, her pretty head drooping, and her mind occupied with the past. This very evening, whilst the other women worked, she sat before her spinning-wheel, which did not turn, her distaff, filled with flax, hanging idly to her girdle, her fingers playing abstractedly with the thread lying over her knees.

The Goodman Prudence had observed all this from the corner of his eye, without saying anything, for he knew that good council is like bitter medicine to children, and that the manner and the time for administering it must be well chosen to make it acceptable.

In the meantime the family and neighbors surrounded him, and cried out, "Goodman Prudence, a story, a story;" the old peasant smiled and cast a glance toward Martha, still sitting listless.

"That is to say," said he, "that one must pay for his welcome—we'll you shall have your way, my good folks. The last time I told you of the olden times, when the Pagan armies ravaged our mountains; that was a story for the men; *now* I shall speak, if it please you, to the women and children; every one must have his day. We told then, of Caesar, now I will tell of Mother Water Green."

Everybody burst into a great laugh at this, and all quickly settled themselves to hear. William, the farmer, re-lighted his pipe, and the Goodman Prudence commenced:

This story, my dears, is not a nursery tale; you can read it in the Almanac, with other true tales, for it happened to our grandmother Charlotte, whom William knew, and who was a wonderfully reliable woman. Grandmother Charlotte was also fair in her time, though you would hardly credit it, when looking at her gray locks and her hooked nose always trying to meet her chin, but those of her own age said there was no better-looking, or gayer girl anywhere than she, when she was young. Unfortunately, Charlotte was left alone with her father, in charge of a large farm,

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much more productive of debts than of income, and work so constantly succeeded work, that the poor girl, who was not made for so much care, often fell into despair and took to doing nothing, since she could not find the way to do everything.

One day, whilst sitting before the door, her hands under her apron, like a lady with frost-bitten fingers, she commenced to say, in a low tone: "God forgive, but the task which has been laid upon me is not such as a Christian can bear, and it is a great pity that I am tormented at my age with so many cares; why, if I was more industrious than the sun, quicker than water, and stronger than fire, I could not do all the work of this family. Ah! why is not good fairy Water Green still in the world? or, why wasn't she invited to my christening, and asked to stand godmother? If she could hear me, and would help me, perhaps we should get relief from our troubles,—I from my care, and my father from his debts."

"Be satisfied, then, here I am," interrupted a voice, and Charlotte saw before her Mother Water Green supporting herself on her staff of holly.

At first, the young girl was frightened, for the fairy was dressed very differently from the costume of the country; she was clad entirely in a frog skin, the head of which served as a hood, and she herself was so ugly, old, and wrinkled, that if she had been worth a million, no one would have been bold enough to marry her. Nevertheless, Charlotte recovered herself quickly enough to ask of the fairy, with a voice rather tremulous but very polite, what she could do to serve her.

"It is I who have come to serve you," replied the old woman. "I have heard your complaints, and have brought something to relieve you."

"Are you really in earnest, good Mother?" cried Charlotte, who quickly, in her joy, lost her fear of her visitor. "Do you come to give me a piece of your rod, by which I can make my work easy?"

"Better than that," replied Mother Water Green.

"I bring you *ten little workmen*, who will do all that you order."

"Where are they?" cried the young girl.

"I will show them to you." The old woman opened her cloak, and out popped ten little dwarfs of different heights.

The two first were very short, but quite stout. "These," said she, "are the strongest; they will help you in every work, and they make up in strength what they want in dexterity; those that you see follow them, are taller and more adroit, they know how to milk, to handle the distaff, and to take hold of all householdwork; their brothers, whose tall figures you see, are remarkably clever in the use of the needle, and that is the reason I have clapped little thimbles of brass upon their heads in-

stead of caps; here are two others, who are not so smart, and who wear a ring for a girdle, they cannot do much more than aid in the general householdwork, as also these last little ones, and they are to be estimated by their *willingness to do what they can*—all ten of them appear to you, I warrant, very insignificant fellows, and not worth much, but you shall see them at work, and then you can judge."

At these words the old woman made a sign, and the ten dwarfs sprang forward. Charlotte saw them execute successively the rudest and the most delicate work, lend themselves to everything, prepare everything, and accomplish everything. Amazed, she uttered a cry of delight, and stretching her arms toward the fairy, "Ah! Mother Water Green," she cried, "lend me these ten brave workers, and I will ask nothing more."

"I will do more than that," replied the fairy, "I will *give* them to you, only as you cannot carry them about with you without being accused of witchcraft, I will order each of them to make himself very little and to hide in your ten fingers." One word, and this was done.

"You now know what a treasure you possess," continued Mother Water Green, "and all depends upon the use you make of it. If you do not know how to control your little servants, if you allow them to grow clumsy by idleness, you will gain nothing from my gift, but if you direct them properly, and for fear that they should pass their time in napping, never allow your fingers any repose, you will find the work, which now so frightens you, done as if by magic."

The fairy spoke truly, and our Grandmother, who followed her advice, not only cleared, at last, the farm from all its difficulties, but made money enough, after marrying happily, to raise eight children comfortably and respectably. Since that time it has become a tradition amongst us, that all the women in the family have inherited Mother Water Green's *workers*, for whenever they stir themselves these little laborers go to work, and we greatly profit thereby, and it is a common saying with us, that in the movement of the housewife's ten fingers lies all the prosperity, all the joy, and all the happiness of the family.

In speaking these last words the Goodman Prudence turned towards Martha—the young wife blushed, lowered her eyes and picked up her distaff.

Farmer William and his cousin exchanged a glance—all the family silently reflected upon the story, each one seeking to penetrate its full meaning, and apply the lesson to him, or her, self. But the farmer's pretty wife had already understood to whom it was addressed, for her face had become gay, the spinning-wheel turned rapidly, and the flax soon disappeared from the distaff.

FOR THE BIRDS.

BY C. C. HASKINS.



MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have been thinking for a long time of writing a plea for a large family of our friends who are wantonly destroyed and abused by impulsive persons without good reason, and, very often, thoughtlessly. These friends are constantly at work for our good, and are doing much to cheer and enliven our every-day lives. If they were suddenly exterminated, we should sadly miss them, and regret their absence. They are the birds—all of them—from the eagle and the vulture down to the tiniest humming-bird that pokes his little needle bill into the depths of our delicate flowers, and makes an ample dinner on less than a drop of honey.

ST. NICHOLAS and I have had some correspondence on the subject of the abuse of birds, and we have devised a plan for their protection. How do you think we propose doing this? We are going to raise an army of defense, without guns, and carry war right into the enemy's camp. We shall use example

and argument and facts, instead of powder, and we must try to carry on the war until we conquer, and the birds have perfect peace.

Before we can do much we must drum up our volunteers. We want all the boys, and the girls also, to form themselves into companies. But if any of the good fathers and mothers desire to join our young folks' army, we shall be heartily glad to have them do so.

Through ST. NICHOLAS we will be enabled to learn the plans of our commanders, and the movements of the enemy; in it we can urge the claims of the birds, and answer all the false logic of any who dare oppose us.

There have been, at different times, in some parts of Europe, societies organized for the extermination of particular kinds of birds, because they

were said to destroy fruits and grains. At an annual meeting of one of these, in the County of Sussex, England, the report of the bird murderers showed that this club alone had put to death *seventeen thousand sparrows*! This was only in one county. Other counties encouraged the same sort of slaughter. In France, too, the same outrageous killing was encouraged, and poisoned grain was sown, year after year, until the rapid increase of noxious insects completely ruined several of the grain-producing districts, and convinced the people of the error they had committed. A law was then passed, protecting the birds, and with the return of the merry little worm-eaters, the insects diminished in number, and the fields again became productive.

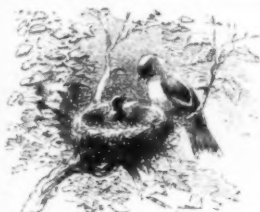
By careful investigation, it has been ascertained that a single pair of European sparrows, during the infancy of their brood, feed their little ones an average about *three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars* in a week! Now, take your slates and pencils, my little friends, and see how many caterpillars in a month the sparrows killed by that Sussex County club would have destroyed if they had been permitted. Think what quantities of pretty leaves, how many bushels of grain, and what an abundance of nice fruit must be destroyed by the taking off of seventeen thousand worm-eating birds!

There is a class of birds which feed on very small seeds. Did you ever shake a dry weed-stalk and see what quantities of seed fell from it? It makes very abundant provision for plenty of weeds of its kind next year. The seed-eating birds, who live mostly on this kind of seed, do more than the farmer and all his help in preventing the increase of weeds; and without the birds the farmer would find his plow and hoe work more than doubled.

Hawks and crows are our friends. So are the owls. The snakes, and mice, and rats devoured by these good fellows far exceed all that are killed by the terrier dogs on the continent. And birds are my especial preference for two other reasons: I never have to beg meat for them at the butchers'.



and I never heard of one having the hydrophobia. They do occasionally take a chicken for a holiday dinner, perhaps; but the rats and the weasels do



much more of that sort of rascality than they; and if the birds were less fearful of being shot at and trapped there would be fewer rats in the barns, and the weasels would have to hide or die.

Almost every boy who goes gunning, if he can find nothing that he wants to bang away at, considers it the next best thing to kill a few woodpeckers. They look so funny, wrong end up on the side of a tree, bobbing and whacking around the loose bark, that the temptation is strong, and the poor, jolly hammerer has no friends—so *bang!*—and down he comes, and he is given to the dog to play with and tear to pieces. That poor little bird, if over a year old, has killed and eaten many hundred thousands of bugs' larvæ, in the form of grubs and worms, and almost every one of a kind which is injurious to vegetation. The cat-bird, one of our finest singers, and a bird that is always sociable, if ever permitted to be so, eats a cherry occasionally, and of course he must be banished or suffer death. He pays a better price for every cherry he eats than any fruiterer would dare demand in the market, in the worms he destroys, and throws in a complete bird-opera several times a day in the bargain.

The king-bird, or phoebe-bird, is too often stoned, and shot, and frightened—and almost any farmer's boy deems it a duty to risk his neck while

the bees go and come under his very nose, and sometimes he is impudent enough to alight close to the entrance, and rap with his bill to announce that he is making a call. Oh! what a rascal! A murderer, calling his victim to the door of his own house, that he may kill, and then eat him! And when the bees come to the door to answer the knock, Mr. Phoebe selects the largest bee, and makes off to the fence corner or to his mud nest to enjoy his prize. But the queer part of it all is that he only eats the drone bees, which never store any honey, and when the flowers become scarce the working bees kill these lazy drones and pitch them out of the hive. So the king-bird is a help, instead of a damage, to the bee raiser.



There are many reasons, in addition to what I have given you, why birds should be protected, but I must omit them now, and proceed to our organization.

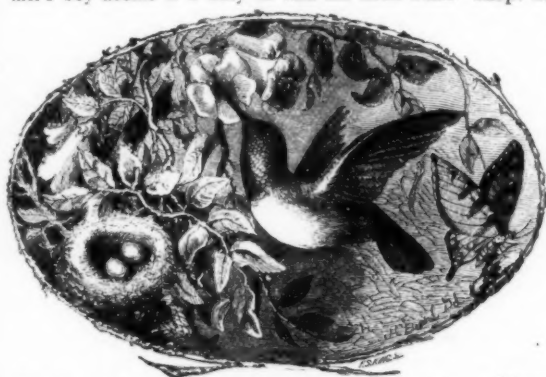
I want all the little people to assist me in selecting a name for our army. There has been a deal of thinking and discussing, and we have said "that's it!" "ah, no! it isn't!" many times, and I am not sure we have quite hit it, yet. What do you say? There are "Bird Advocates," "Bridgades," "Guards," "Friends," and ever so many more, but I am best pleased with "BIRD DEFENDERS." What do you think of it?

As a basis on which to commence work, let us adopt the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas—We, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved—That we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the great Father, for the joy and good of mankind.

Now, little folks, there is a starting-point; send in your names. ST. NICHOLAS is ready to hear from each and all of you on the subject of bird protection, and will be glad to learn what you have



climbing under a bridge to get at and destroy its mud nest. Why? "He kills our bees!" Well, yes, he does kill bees. He is very cunning about it, too. He watches the hive, sitting very near, as

to say about organizing yourselves for this really important and humane work. Come forward freely with your plans, and let us all put our wits together and see if we can not decide upon a line of defence

for our little feathered friends who, poor things, are unable to defend themselves from their thoughtless or cruel enemies. Here is an opportunity for all of us to do good work.



LOOKING THE WRONG WAY.

(Translation of German Story in our November Number.)

LITTLE Lizzie had the bad habit of never looking before her. She was always gazing to the right or to the left. It happened, once on a time, that she ran out with a large piece of cake in her hand into a court-yard where some masons were digging a hole which they intended to fill with lime. Lizzie ran gaily about, having entirely forgotten the warnings of her mother. Indeed, it was too funny to see the large dog, which came circling about her and snapped at the cake. But, alas! before she saw it, she fell headlong into the pit. Her screams

brought the workmen to her, and they quickly helped the poor child out of the ugly hole.

Lizzie was obliged now to lie for a long time in bed and suffer great pain, while the other children were joyfully playing out-of-doors. She resolved never again to go one way and look another. Had she thought of that before, she would have spared her good mother sorrow and herself much pain. But it was with her as with the Tyrolese in Mr. Stephens' picture. Both failed to look where they were going, and we see what happened.

THE YELLOW COTTAGE.

BY MARION DOUGLAS.

'MID fields with useless daisies white,
Between a river and a wood,
With not another house in sight,
The low-roofed yellow cottage stood,
Where I,
Long years ago, a little maid,
Through all life's rosy morning played.

No other child the region knew;
My only playmate was myself,
And all our books, a treasured few,
Were gathered on a single shelf;
But oh!
Not wealth a king might prize could be
What those old volumes were to me!

On winter nights beside the fire,
In summer, sitting in the door,
I turned, with love that did not tire,
Their well-worn pages o'er and o'er;
In me,
Though sadly fallen, it is true,
Their heroines all lived anew!

One day, about my neck a ruff
Of elder flowers with fragrant breath,
I was, with conscious pride enough
To suit the part, Elizabeth;
The next,
Ensnared by many wily plots,
I sighed, the hapless Queen of Scots!

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Where darting swallows used to flit,
Close to me, on some jutting rocks,
Above the river, I would sit
For hours, and wreath my yellow locks,
And trill
A child's shrill song, and, singing, play
It was a siren's witching lay.

On Sundays, underneath the tree
That overhung the orchard wall,
While watching, one by one, to see
The ripe, sweet apples fall,
I tried
My very best to make believe
I was in Eden and was Eve!

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Oh golden hours! when I, to-day,
Would make a truce with care,
No more of queens, in bright array,
I dream, or sirens fair;
In thought,
I am again the little maid
Who round the yellow cottage played

A DAY AT SYDENHAM.

BY ELIZABETH LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Dora lived in London, and it was quite a standing joke in the family, that on her birthday there was always sure to be a royal show, or a grand flower exhibition, and on this particular eighteenth of June, which made Dora ten years old, the Queen was to open the new fountains at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and papa and mamma and Dora were going.

They started about eleven, Dora, happy soul, in the freshest of rose-colored muslins, with cheeks to match, and opposite to her, the two whom in all the world she loved best.

As they drove rapidly along, it was easy to see the influence of the great *fête*, in the tide of carriages full of gaily dressed people, all setting in the same direction.

Dora often had been there before, but the Crystal Palace always seemed like Fairy-land, and to-day it was more beautiful than ever.

One can hardly make anybody who has never seen it understand the charm of the long nave with its high arched roof, its graceful galleries, its huge marble basins of water-lilies, edged with beds of the brightest flowers, its great hanging baskets of delicate plants, its tropical trees, its statues, its bright banners, its delicious music and its glimpses down the crossing transepts of one of the loveliest landscapes in all England; for these transepts, or cross-ways, you must know, are walled and roofed with glass like all the rest of the building.

And this is just what you have before your eyes as you go in, but to see all the curious and interesting things would take weeks. At each side of this wonderful nave, or body of the building, there are beautiful courts, in which one may see exact copies of famous places all over the world.

For instance, the Pompeian court, where there is an exact copy of a house in Pompeii, the city which was destroyed by burning lava from Mount Vesuvius hundreds of years ago, before Christ was born. You can scarcely believe it, I dare say, but it is true. And mind, I don't mean the ruins of a house like those to be seen to-day in Pompeii, but just as it used to be when that city was a busy, active place, and Pompeian little folk kept their birthdays and played and learned their lessons just as you do now.

And in another court there is a model of a house of ancient Rome, with couches instead of chairs in the dining-room, for you know, among other strange habits, the old Romans had a way of lying down at their meals.

I dare say you have heard of the Alhambra, the famous and beautiful palace built by the Moors in Grenada. Well, in this Crystal Palace you may see for yourselves just how it looked, and how gorgeous the Hall of the Abencerrages must have been with its wonderful rainbow-colored and gold fret-work dome filled with a soft lilac light.

And there are the Egyptian court and the Assyrian court and many more besides, and also copies of all the most celebrated statues in the world.

Upstairs, in the galleries, they have all sorts of pretty things for sale at different stalls; books, photographs, jewelry and fans and bronzes, beautiful glass and china, toys, and games, and dolls, and even candy, put up in boxes with pictures of the Crystal Palace on the lids.

You can scarcely imagine a more fascinating place to do shopping. Dora was delighted when her parents asked her to choose two birthday presents, in the lovely gallery overlooking the grand transept.

She was a long time making up her mind, but at last she decided on a fan with black and gold sticks, and a long tassel, and a nice little Russian leather writing-case, completely furnished, and with a lock and key. Then, with her own pocket-money, she bought a doll for the baby at home, and a box of barley-sugar fishes, with a picture of the Assyrian court on the top, and then they went down stairs again to get some luncheon.

One side of the dining-room, at the Crystal Palace, is an open verandah, with a view over the magnificent grounds of the Palace, and miles and miles of the lovely country beyond; and with such a picture before one's eyes, it must be a more exacting person than any of our party who would not forgive a slight toughness in the cold chicken and a want of flavor in the salad.

After lunch they went out into the grounds, and it was not too soon, for with one accord all the people began pouring out of the building, and the good places for seeing the great sight of the day were very soon filled. Our three found a charming little grassy knoll close to the broad gravel walk that encircles the large fountains, and there they established themselves most comfortably in the shade of a clump of rhododendrons, knowing that the royal party would drive along the walk just before them, and they could not possibly have had a better place to see all that would happen.

The grounds looked perfectly lovely on this fair

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June afternoon, with the bright masses of flowers of all kinds set into the velvety green turf; and the bright dresses of the ladies grouped about on the grass added to the beauty of the scene. The rhododendrons were at their height, and the polished dark green leaves were thickly sprinkled with large clusters of the delicate azalea-like flowers, in pink and crimson, and lilac and white.

And now I must explain that, for years, there had been a number of extremely fine fountains in front of the palace, which played every afternoon, but it had taken a long time to finish the grand series of water-works, which was to include, besides the first fountains, a number of very much higher jets, as well as others, in elaborate shapes, and some beautiful cascades, which altogether make, I believe, the finest set of fountains in the world, except, perhaps, those in the gardens at Versailles. And now, at last, they were all finished, and in working order.

Not a single fountain was playing, even the old ones were still waiting, like their new sisters, for the Queen to come.

Punctually at four o'clock, the people in the gardens saw the royal standard unfurled from the large flag-staff on the palace, and heard the bands playing "God Save the Queen," and then they knew that her Majesty had arrived and gone into the building, and presently the royal party came out on the garden side, and got into the pony carriages that were waiting—they being, by the by, the only persons who are allowed to drive in the grounds.

As the Queen came in sight, she was greeted by cheers and waving hats and handkerchiefs, and now, as if her Majesty had carried a magic wand,

just at the very instant when she passed each fountain, it burst through its waiting stillness and leaped forth in loyal welcome, its spire of snowy foam mounting joyously towards the blue summer sky.

Down poured the cascades as she passed them; the broad, short fountains spread out their swan-like plumage, as their royal mistress went by, and in less time than it takes me to write this, the whole ceremony was over, and the air full of the musical sound of falling waters.

The Queen looked very good-natured and pleased, as she bowed and smiled to everybody, and talked to Sir Joseph Paxton, who rode, hat in hand, beside her carriage. She wore a blue silk dress (the shadow of widow's mourning had not fallen upon her then) and the sunlight lit up her hair and touched it with gold. The Prince Consort sat beside her, looking good and noble as he always did, and the Princess Royal was there, with the Crown Prince of Prussia, to whom she was married very soon after, and there were also several other foreign princes with long German titles, which I shall not trouble you to pronounce. The great people only stayed a little while, and after they were gone, our party lingered an hour or two in the gardens, enjoying the music of the Coldstream Band, and then they went inside to get Dora's parcels, which had been left in charge of the woman at the confectionery stall. By this time it was getting late, and they made their way, at last, through the crowd at the entrance, and got into the carriage, and drove home through the slanting sunshine and lengthening shadows at the close of the long, bright, summer day.



OLD SIMON.

OLD Simon and his boys were glad
To take the plainest fare;
They brightened everything they had,
With gratitude and prayer.

"Give thanks," said Simon, "when ye rise,
Give thanks when day is done."
And none than Simon were more wise,
Or happy, under the sun.

MAKING A LIBRARY.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

LITTLE Charlotte determined to have a library all her own. She had some books,—nice little books, with big, fat letters, and the lines ever so far apart,—but these did not suit her. She wanted grown-up books, such as stood on the shelves of her uncle Harry's library.

Charlotte and her mother were on a visit to this

were nothing but pasteboard boxes made like books, and with the names printed in gold letters on the backs.

Charlotte's uncle was an uneducated man, who had suddenly become rich. He wanted his house to have a fine library in it; but as he did not care for reading, or for spending a great deal of money



uncle Harry, and the little girl, who was delighted with the great, fine house,—much handsomer than any she had ever seen before,—was particularly pleased with the library. She had a strong love for pictures, and when she found this large room with well-filled book shelves, from the floor to the ceiling, and seldom any one there to interfere with her, she thought she should live in a picture paradise.

But it was not long before she made a wonderful discovery. As the books on the lower shelves were mostly of a character uninteresting to her, she climbed to the upper shelves, and soon found that the books up there were not real ones. They

on books that would be of no use to him, he had these mock books made, and they looked just as well on the upper shelves as real ones.

After a while, Charlotte became quite accustomed to these books; and, as some of them were open at the bottom, she used them for boxes in which to put her little treasures. She generally kept her second-best tea-set in a large volume on China and Japan, and her doll, Jane, who had lost her head and her right arm, was stowed away for a good long nap in Baxter's Saints' Rest.

So, one day, when Miss Charlotte was playing house down-stairs, and wanted a library of her own, there seemed no reason why she should not make

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it of these fine, big books, which she could handle so easily. In fact, they were so light that she could take an armful of them that would have been too much for a man had the books been real.

There is no knowing how large this library of Charlotte's would have grown—for she could readily climb from shelf to shelf of the library and throw down the books—had not a little accident occurred. While passing, with a great pile of books in her arms, the cradle in which the baby was asleep, Charlotte let the books slip a little, and over they went, bang! upon the cradle. If they had been real books the baby would have been killed. But,

as it was, some of the larger books fell on the sides of the cradle, and they were all so light that no injury was done, except that the baby woke up suddenly, and commenced to cry his very loudest.

Charlotte's mother and a lady visitor came running up-stairs, and a stop was soon put to the library-making. But the worst of all was it now became known what sort of a library Uncle Harry had.

It was well for Charlotte that it was only her uncle who had a library just for show. Of course, it is bad enough to have an uncle of that kind, but it would be ever so much worse to have a father who would do such things.

A CLOUD-PICTURE.

BY H. H. C.

I HAD a vision one eve at sea,
In the clouds as they unrolled,
When the kingly sun was falling asleep
On his royal couch of gold.
Many shimmering pictures
I saw among the clouds,
And troops of laughing children
Came dancing along in crowds.

They rowed their boat with sturdy might
Into a cloud and out of sight,
And then I knew the race was won,
And their goal was the far-off setting sun.

And just in the midst of the glory,
In the brightest, sunniest place,
I saw four cherub boatmen
Pulling a fairy race.
Dimpled and white and airy.
Pulling with baby glee,
Their little craft a fairy,
Afloat on a golden sea.

FISH-HAWKS AND THEIR NESTS.

BY M. D. RUFF.

I SPENT the summer at a little fishing hamlet, on the New Jersey coast, and of all the strange and interesting things I saw there, nothing was stranger or more interesting than these birds of which I want to tell you. In poetry and science they are always called "ospreys." That may be a prettier word—but fish-hawks is the better name; it is the one which has been given by all fishermen on our coast, and it is more descriptive of the birds and their habits.

A broad shallow river, which was only the sea pushing back into the land, ran just in the rear of our boarding-house, and there, all day long, we could watch the fish-hawks circling above or swooping down from great heights, or diving head-long into the water, or sitting solemn and grave

upon their nests. As soon as you come within sound of the ocean, you may see these large pouch-shaped nests wedged between the bare forks of the pine, oak and other strong trees, sometimes ten, sometimes fifty feet above the ground. They are placed, without any attempt at concealment, in the open fields, or close to the fishers' houses, or along the river-banks perhaps a mile inland; and they form a wonderfully picturesque feature in the landscape. They are built of large sticks three and four feet long, mixed in with corn-stalks, seaweed, and mullein stalks, piled up four or five feet in a solid mass, and lined with sea-weed. They are not hollow like a pouch, as you might judge from the outside, but are nearly flat on top, and about as deep as a dinner plate.

Of course they are very heavy, and the weight, together with the mass of wet stuff, saps the vitality from the tree in a few years, and it gets bare and ragged like the one you see in the picture.

This great weight is very necessary, however, for it enables the nests to resist the storms and high winds which sweep over our eastern shore. And strength is what is mainly needed, for the fish-hawk builds its nest as we do our houses, to last a great many years.

Ask any one of the old fishermen about them, and he will probably say first:

"Wall, they're a curus fowl. No matter what the weather may be, they come back on the 21st of March of each year, all at once; and the 21st of September you can't see one. They go over-night and no man from Maine to Georgia can tell where they go to."

They say, too, that the same birds come back to the same nest every year. If it has been injured by the winter's storms it is carefully repaired; sometimes even rebuilt entirely in the same place with the same material. One morning in the early spring I passed the ruins of a large nest which had been blown down by the wind of the night before. It was a great mass of stuff, scattered all around, and would have filled a good-sized cart. The homeless birds were flying about in great distress, flapping their wings, and uttering their peculiar, shrill note—a note that is in strange harmony with the melancholy sea. In a week I passed again and the ground was cleared of the wreck and the nest loomed up large as ever in the tree from which it had been blown. There is no doubt that many of the nests are very old. In the field through which we walked on our way to the beach, was a nest which I was assured was a hundred years old; "As old as them cedar rails on that fence, yonder," said the man; "my grandfather told me so." I believed it then, of course, for one's grandfather always speaks the truth.

You will suppose that a bird which builds such a large nest must lay large eggs and many of them, but this bird never lays more than three, and they are little larger than a hen's egg, of a reddish yellow, spotted with brown. They are laid about the first of May, and it takes a long and patient sitting till the last of June to hatch them. During this time and after the young birds come, the care of the parents is unceasing. The nest is never left unguarded. The male bird goes fishing and keeps his family well supplied with food, while the female rarely leaves her nest, but keeps over it a tireless watch. If any one approaches she cries shrilly and hovers over her brood, with her broad wings outspread and her piercing eyes flashing. Peaceable and gentle at other times, she will defend her nest

with claws and beak against the enemy or too curious intruder.

The young fish-hawks are the funniest things you ever saw, awkward and misshapen, and yet with such a wise, dignified expression! I watched for several hours a couple learning to fly. They sat balanced uneasily on the edge of the nest, solemn and grave as judges, and looked as if they had come out of the shell knowing everything. The old birds were coaxing and going through various exercises which I suppose were the first principles of flying, and the young ones tilted about and rolled over and finally got fastened between the sharp branches of the tree. The mother and father fussed and scolded, "Bill-ee, Bill-ee, Stu-pid-i-ty." The young are very slow in learning to fly—and I have heard that they often linger in the nest long after they are well able to help themselves, to be fed and waited upon, till driven away by the parents, who beat them out with their wings, and peck them with their sharp beaks. I don't like to think this, but it may be so, for one day we found a young bird drooping on the fence. He allowed us to come very close to him, and we discovered that his wing was broken. It was not shot, so he must have fallen in his effort to fly. No birds were near him, he had evidently been deserted. He looked forlorn and pitiful, so we took him home and put him in the wagon-house. The children were very attentive to him; they cut up fish for him—pounds of it,—and tried to amuse him as if he were a lamed child. But it was of no use, he drooped still more, and then died and was buried with martial noise and pomp. He would not have been a successful pet, for these birds have a lonely, isolated nature. They seem to have bred in them the wild, untamable spirit of the wind and wave, and if deprived of their free, soaring flight, and their sportings in air and water, they will languish and die.

The largest fish-hawk I ever saw measured six feet across the wings. The average size is from four to five feet. The plumage is of greyish brown except on the breast and under part of the wings, where it is pure white. The beak is sharp and hooked, the claws long, and the legs very thick. The feet and legs are covered with close hard scales, the better to retain a hold upon the slippery fish. It used to be a common notion among the older naturalists that one foot of this bird was webbed and the other furnished with claws to serve the double purpose of swimming and seizing its prey.

Nothing can be finer than the sweep and directness of the fish-hawk's flight. You see one sailing, a mere speck in the sky; he stops suddenly, as if viewing some object in the water below; poised

high wide-swift head and mere water talons flies fish struggle the strong he is the be or hal By with this is

high in the air, without any visible motion of the wide-extended wings, he swoops down with the swiftness of lightning and plunges into the water head foremost. If he misses the fish he rises again, and circles round in short, abrupt curves, as if from mere listlessness. Again he pauses, darts into the water, and this time comes up with his prey in his talons. He shakes the water from his feathers and flies in the shortest line to his nest. Sometimes his fish weighs six or seven pounds. Add to this the struggles of the fish to free itself, and you may fancy the strength of the bird. I have heard, but I never saw an instance of it, that the fish is sometimes strong enough to drag the bird into the water, where he is drowned. The next tide carries him up on the beach with his claws buried deep in a sturgeon or halibut.

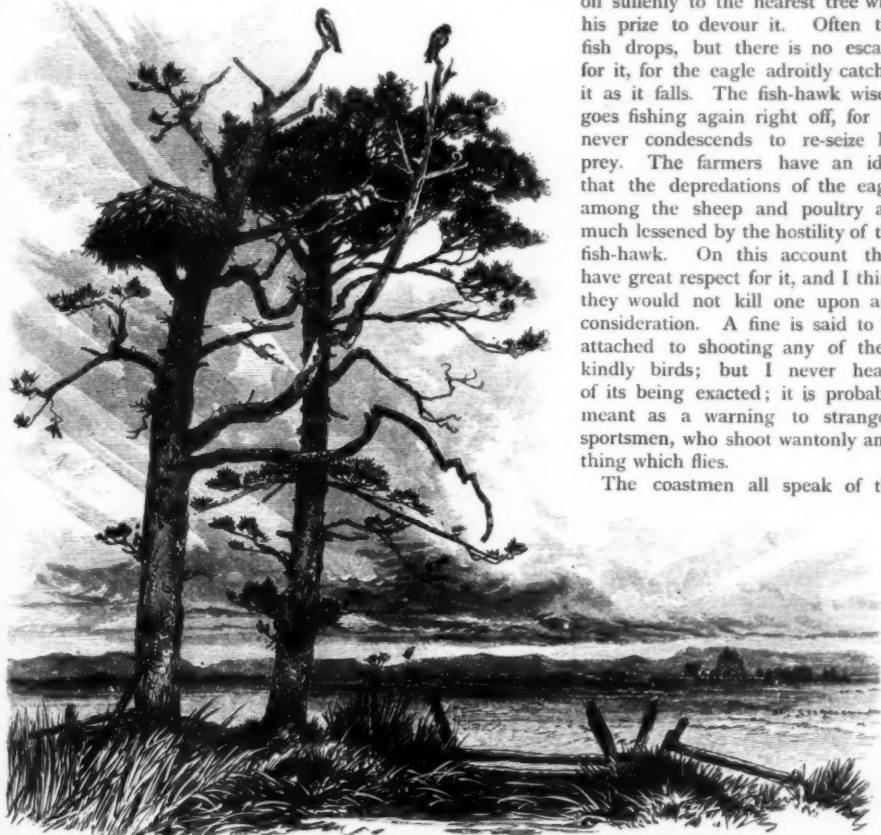
By some naturalists the fish-hawk has been classed with the eagle, from a similarity of appearance, but this is not just to our friend. He is much nobler

in all his traits than any of the eagle species. His only prey is fish, so I can tell you no wonderful stories of children, or even of lambs, carried off by him to feed a ravenous brood. He never interferes with smaller birds, as the eagle does. On the contrary, a little timid bird called the crow black-bird builds its modest nest in the interstices of the hawk's nest. I have seen a half-dozen of these tiny homes built into the larger one. He is not a greedy robber, like the eagle, but fishes in an honest, straightforward manner, and, in short, has but one enemy, —the bald eagle.

Between them there are many desperate battles. The eagle, who is always hungry, and who seldom works when he can steal, waits till the fish-hawk catches a fish. As he comes from the water with the heavy burden, the eagle pounces upon the booty. They rise together, and in mid-air the contest goes on with beak and talon. I am sorry to say the eagle generally gets the best of it, and flies

off sullenly to the nearest tree with his prize to devour it. Often the fish drops, but there is no escape for it, for the eagle adroitly catches it as it falls. The fish-hawk wisely goes fishing again right off, for he never condescends to re-seize his prey. The farmers have an idea that the depredations of the eagle among the sheep and poultry are much lessened by the hostility of the fish-hawk. On this account they have great respect for it, and I think they would not kill one upon any consideration. A fine is said to be attached to shooting any of these kindly birds; but I never heard of its being exacted; it is probably meant as a warning to stranger-sportsmen, who shoot wantonly anything which flies.

The coastmen all speak of the



FISH-HAWK'S NEST.

fish-hawk with a curious affection. He foretells a storm, they say, by a peculiar restlessness, and a repetition of his feeble whistle. When the storm breaks the birds are abroad in the face of it, however wild and fierce it may be. If one can see anything through the blinding mists and rain, it is the fish-hawk soaring aloft in the tumult, curving and sweeping on the wild wind, his white breast gleaming against the black trees and sky. These birds show great skill in flying against the wind, never fly directly into it, but tack backwards and forwards as intelligently as a sailor does upon the water.

The fishermen think that a nest built near their houses ensures them good luck and prosperous living. The return of the bird heralds the coming of spring, and the happy activity of the fishing season. The wintry storms are over, the warm sun shines again upon the white sand and breaking waves, and children are playing on the shore. The nets are brought out and mended, the boats are launched, and the men who have lounged all winter in the house, gather in groups of two and three, with seines and hooks and lines, to catch the fish which come in shoals up the river from the sea.

BOWWOW-CURLYCUR AND THE WOODEN LEG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE boy and the girl—no, that's impolite, I meant to say the girl and the boy, stood at the garden gate, looking up the road.

Bowwow-Curlycur, with his hair done up in curl papers, was there too, and he also was looking up the road.

To think that the cook had taken every stick to boil the oatmeal porridge; and the hoe, and the shovel, and the spade, and the rake had all gone to a party given by the new mowing-machine.

Seven nice plants and one young tree, and nothing to dig little houses in the ground for the roots to live in!

What on earth were they to do? Bowwow-Curlycur would have been willing to have scooped out a few holes, but he had an appointment with the dog that stole the chickens and didn't want to get his nose dirty.

"What shall we do?" said the boy, "the sun is going down behind Troykachunk hill as fast as ever he can."

"Somebody is coming down the road," said the girl. "It's a man, and doesn't he walk funny?" said the boy.

"I'll go and see who it is," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and he made himself so flat that he looked like some queer kind of a giant caterpillar, squeezed himself under the gate and ran off up the road.

Now, Bowwow-Curlycur was a most wonderful dog. He could bark so plainly that any one of common intelligence who heard him could understand every word he barked.

"Who are you?" he asked, as he danced round the stranger.

(Bowwow-Curlycur danced beautifully, much better than the girl or boy could, for you see he had four legs and they only had two.)

The man had common intelligence, so he answered, "All right, old fellow."

Then Bowwow-Curlycur stopped dancing, sniffed at him, growled at him, jumped at him, turned back, ran to the girl and boy and barked one word, but it was in two syllables, so that made it equal to two little words.

"Sailor," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and sure enough as the man came near, the girl and the boy saw that he was dressed in a blue striped shirt with large turnover collar, blue trousers, a pea-jacket, a tarpaulin hat, and a wooden leg.

"Ship-a-hoy!" shouted the sailor, as soon as he spied the girl and boy. "What craft's that?"

This was his way of saying, "How do you do?" and "Who are you?"

"Oh! if you only would," said the girl. "Oh! yes," said the boy, "if you only would lend us your wooden leg for a few moments," said the girl.

"Shiver my timbers," said the sailor, and he laughed so loud that his hat tumbled off his head and fell on the ground where Bowwow-Curlycur seized it and bit a large piece out of the brim, "What do you want my wooden leg for, youngsters?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, who was smarter than the boy—girls always are smarter than boys—"we have some plants and a young tree to set out, and the shovel and spade and rake and hoe have all gone to the new mowing-machine's party, and

the cook has burned all the sticks, and Bowwow-Curlycur wants to keep his nose clean, and so we have nothing to make the root-houses with."

"*Won't you lend us your leg for a little while?*" said the boy.

"Blessed if I don't," said the sailor, "but you must take me with it, for it's so much attached to me, it can't leave me."

"Oh! no indeed," said the wooden leg, but so very softly that no one but Bowwow-Curlycur heard it, and he only put his head on one side, lolled out his tongue and barked nothing.

Then the sailor threw his leg that wasn't wooden up in the air, spun around three times on the one that was wooden, commenced whistling the sailor's hornpipe and came into the garden.

"Here's fun," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and ran round after his own tail like mad.

So they formed a procession. The sailor went first and stamped in the ground with his wooden leg—the boy came next and put a plant in the hole thus made—the girl followed with the young tree in her arms. Bowwow-Curlycur carried his ears and curl papers. The cat that made faces with her tail came after, with her four youngest kittens.

At last all the plants were set out and only the young tree remained.

"Now," said the sailor, "I must make a deep hole for this," and he raised his wooden leg and brought it down with such force that he buried it in the ground up to the knee, and oh! mercy's sakes alive! it wouldn't come out again.

The sailor tugged and pulled, and pulled and tugged, and the girl and boy pulled and tugged,

and tugged and pulled, and Bowwow-Curlycur scolded and bit the leg that wasn't wooden, but all was of no use.

At last the sailor threw up his arms in the air, gave a great jerk, and away he flew straight up towards the sky, like a rocket, leaving his wooden leg behind him.

"Jolly!" said the boy, "what larks!" and the girl said, "Oh, my!"

Bowwow-Curlycur, for once in his life, was too astonished to bark anything.

The cat made a dreadful face with her tail, and walked solemnly off, her kittens marching behind her.

So the moon came out and the girl and boy knew it was bed-time, and they went to bed.

But about twelve o'clock at night, when everything was still except the frogs, and the crickets, and the katy-dids, and a few other things of that kind that stay up all night so that they can see the sun rise in the morning, they heard a strange tramp, tramp, tramp, in the garden, and getting up and peeping out of the window they saw the wooden leg hopping down the walk, and as it passed them it said with a chuckle, "How cleverly I got rid of that sailor. Now I'll go and see the world by myself," and it went out of the gate and up the road and they never saw it again.

But looking up at the moon they beheld the face of the sailor wearing a broad grin.

As for Bowwow-Curlycur, after he had taken his hair out of paper and called on the dog that stole the chickens, he buried (in the hole left by the wooden leg he had saved), a few choice bones and then slept the sleep of the just dog.



THERE was a good boy who fell ill,
And begged them to give him a pill;
"For my kind parents' sake
The dose I will take,"
Said this dear little boy who fell ill.

WHAT was the moon a-spying
Out of her half-shut eye?
One of her stars went flying
Across the broad blue sky.

WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEORGE A. SAWYER.

A FEW years since, while recovering from an illness, I made my first attempt at wood-carving; and, as I gradually overcame its difficulties, I became very much interested, and began to make many pretty and useful things, such as boxes, brackets, shelves, picture-frames and clock-cases. As some of our boys and girls may take an interest in wood-carving, I will give them a few hints on the subject.

WHERE TO OBTAIN MATERIAL.

In all the larger cities there are mills where they saw veneers and thin boards for the use of cabinet or furniture-makers, and if you are so fortunate as to have access to them, you will find it very easy to supply yourself with materials; in fact, the greatest difficulty is not to get too much; a little goes a great way, you will find, if you do very nice work. There are, however, in almost all large towns, model-makers, cabinet-makers, etc., from whom you can obtain some of the commoner woods; or if there is a saw-mill where they have a circular saw, you can have some thick wood cut up to suit at trifling expense. Even when these fail, you can get a carpenter to saw and plane you a few small strips; and there is in every town, even the smallest, a tobacco store, where you can get empty cigar boxes. These generally are made of Spanish cedar, and by selecting some of the finest grained specimens, you sometimes can get extremely pretty pieces. Articles made from this wood, when polished and shellaced, would never be suspected of coming from a cigar box. You cannot, however, do much carving on it, because the grain is coarse and the wood wanting in strength.

KIND OF WOOD.

The best woods for our use are walnut and white holly, sawed in thin boards, not more than a fourth or a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, and planed on both sides. Walnut is, of course, known to every one as the dark wood most generally used in this country for the better kinds of furniture. Though white holly is very common also, or at least has been rapidly becoming so within the last few years, you may not know, that it is the "white-wood" generally used for small brackets, card photograph frames, etc., found in the shops. It possesses in the finer strains a beautifully fine texture, even color, and is so strong that it may be sawed, if carefully handled, in the thinnest lines across the grain with little danger of breaking.

White holly is by far the best wood for a beginner; indeed, it is the best for any fine carved work, and designs done in it, and glued on to some dark wood like walnut or rosewood, make a very handsome contrast.

THE TOOLS REQUIRED.

Tools are, of course, an important item in every workman's calculations, and there are those particularly suited to the kind of work I am about to describe. I shall mention at present only those which I think most important for a beginner, that



BRAD-AWLS, ETC., WITH HOLLOW HANDLE.

you may not incur useless expenditure of money, and yet be sufficiently provided not to get discouraged for the want of the right tools to make a reasonably fair piece of work. As you gain in experience, you will be able to make additions for yourselves.

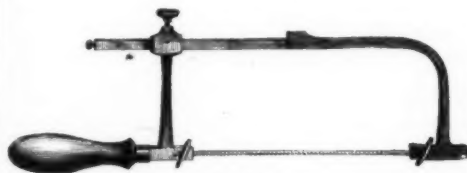
A pocket knife is of the first importance, and it is hardly to be presumed that any real boy is without that useful article. For our purpose, one having two blades, a large and a small one, such as can be purchased of sufficiently good quality for about seventy-five cents, more or less, will answer very well. Having a knife, every boy should possess the means of sharpening and keeping it in order. For this, and for sharpening other edged tools, the best instrument is an oil-stone, such as

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you will always find on carpenters' benches, fitted into a wooden box with a detachable lid. A useful size is about three inches long by two wide, and half an inch thick. We should make the box ourselves (I will tell you how by and by), and it both protects the stone from the chance of breakage, and keeps the oil from soiling other things. A stone of this kind will cost ten or fifteen cents, and wear for ever: that is, so long as we use it properly, and are likely to want it.

Perhaps the next most generally useful article is a case of brad-awls. There are several kinds for sale at tool stores, some with larger tools than those in the illustration; but these are the handiest, as well as cheapest. The price is about a dollar and a quarter. As will be seen from the figure (in which, however, only a few of the tools are given) this set includes a number of brads of various sizes, for boring holes; a screw-driver, several chisels, and a gauge, a countersink, scratch-awl, etc., and a wrench with which to fasten them into the handle, which is hollow and holds them all when not in use. As these tools never come sharpened ready for use, it is a good plan to take them to some carpenter's shop, and watch the carpenter when he puts them on his oil-stone, and accomplishes the desired object of giving them an edge. You would learn more by seeing the sharpening once done than by reading pages of description. So watch the carpenter.

We next want some files: a flat one, half an inch wide; one flat on one side and round on the other, a fourth or three-eighths of an inch wide; a round one three-eighths, and five or six like the one figured, made of one-eighth inch steel wire; one round; one half round and half flat; one triangular; one square; one flat; one knife-edge. Some of these have two inches of the round wire left to serve as a handle, and are necessary in finishing fine work. The lot may cost a dollar or more.



THE SAW.

For a long time I used only these tools mentioned, but one day a friend gave me what I believe is known as a dentist's saw. I give a figure of it. The tool itself costs a dollar and a quarter, and the saws come in packages of a dozen, at twenty-five cents. They are extremely fine and delicate, but do most excellent work. With care, a dozen will

last a year. Lastly we want some sheets of sand-paper, assorted, fine and coarse.

Having provided ourselves with these tools and a few pieces of some kind of thin wood, we will see what we can produce. Suppose for a first effort we make a common ruler, such as we would be likely to find useful at school; say an inch wide, and twelve or fifteen inches long.

HOW TO MAKE A RULER.

Take one of our pieces of board, white holly if you have it, and cut the edges as true and straight as you can, then lay a whole sheet of rather fine sandpaper, No. 1, is the best, on a perfectly flat surface, like the top of an uncovered table or box, and rub the edge of the wood to and fro, length-wise, till the edge is entirely smooth and straight. If you will hold this stick nearly horizontally and turned towards the light, one end opposite one eye and five or six inches from it, and closing the other eye look along the edge, you can see very plainly whether the edge is true or not.

Having made one edge straight, carefully measure off from it, at two or three points, the width you design making the ruler. You can do this quite well enough with a card or piece of stiff paper; and laying down a ruler, use it as an edge to cut through the wood with the point of a sharp knife. In thin wood this is very easy to do, and it makes a much cleaner job than sawing. Then smooth the edge as you did the other, being careful to keep the two edges parallel that the ruler may be of the same width.

Cut off the ends square. If you have a carpenter's square, you will find it useful; but I think, for the present, we can do without it, and use a good-sized visiting card, which, being cut by machinery, we may assume, has edges at two right angles. If you are far enough along in your geometry to be able to construct mathematically a right angled triangle, you can verify the angles of your card, and you will find great pleasure in applying your knowledge to such every-day uses; but if not, we will use the card for the present, just as we find it. Set one corner of the card at the point where you are to cut; make one edge coincide with, or be exactly even with, the edge of the ruler, and cut across the end by the other edge.

In cutting thin wood with the grain, or length-wise, you will find that you can do it best by laying down a ruler and drawing along its edge, with the point of a sharp knife, just as you would rule a line with a pencil, only, of course, holding the knife so as to be able to bear on it and force it



FILE.

into the wood, taking care to hold it perpendicular so as to cut as straight through as possible. In cutting across the grain you can do it either in the same manner, or else mark a line with the point of the knife, and then use the saw; the back of the saw, however, will allow you to cut only narrow strips.

ORNAMENTATION.

Having now a long, narrow piece of wood, with straight even edges and square ends, we may venture upon a little ornamentation.

I select, as the most appropriate for a first effort, a geometrical design; that is, one with straight lines, which can be drawn with a ruler and compasses. Designs composed of flowers or natural objects, with ever-varying curves, which must be drawn by hand, are much more attractive, but are more difficult, and must be reserved till we have had a little practice.

I would recommend your taking a sheet of large writing or other paper, and drawing upon it a pattern just the size of the ruler you wish to make. Mark out within it the lines, as you intend cutting them in the wood. Mistakes with the pencil are easily corrected, and if you get the pattern exact, you can, by measuring the points, transfer it to the

by pencil lines. Having the pattern nicely and accurately drawn, take one of your drills and carefully bore holes through all the spaces you intend cutting out,—one hole in each space. Take your saw and unfasten one end, and put that end through the first hole. Fasten it again. Lay the piece of wood on the edge of a table or large box, the part you are about to saw just over the edge, so that the saw will not cut the table, and hold the wood down firmly with one hand while with the other you use the saw, holding it so that the cut will be perpendicular. In this way saw around the piece to come out, following the pencil lines as nearly as possible. You will find, with a little practice, that you can cut almost exactly on the line; but for the present it is safest to keep a very little inside the line, and cut away the surplus afterwards with a file. In setting the end of the saw back again into the jaws, if you put the end of the saw-bow against a table and press on it slightly, and then fasten the end of the saw in, the saw will be strained tight and will work better than if put in loosely. Cut out all the spaces in succession in the same way, and then take your files and file up to the lines. In this design you will find use for your square, three-cornered, and flat files. After filing



PATTERN FOR A RULER.

wood. You may cut out the design carefully with scissors and knife, and then laying it on the wood, mark its edges with a sharp-pointed pencil, or you may lay it over the wood and prick through with a pin or needle, and afterwards connect the pin points

carefully up to the lines, take fine sandpaper and rub it all over smooth and white, and your ruler will be complete. I think you will take a satisfaction in using it yourself or in giving it to some friend, which you would not feel if you had bought it.

MIEUX VAUT AVOIR LA MOITIÉ D'UN PAIN QUE NE PAS AVOIR DE PAIN.

PAR M. M. D.

PEU de jeunes personnes connaissent l'origine de ce fameux proverbe.

En l'an onze cent onze, la grande duchesse Caroline van Swing et ses quatre charmants enfants s'étaient réunis dans la vaste cuisine du château pour prendre leur simple déjeuner. Dans ces premiers temps le lait condensé n'était pas connu,

de sorte que les pauvres nobles enfants étaient obligés de prendre du lait ordinaire; mais ils avaient du pain condensé et c'était pour eux une grande satisfaction.

La grande duchesse elle-même se mit en devoir de préparer le repas, car, disait-elle avec des larmes d'attendrissement, "je suis une duchesse, mais ne

suis-je pas aussi une mère ?" A ces paroles les voix de ses petits enfants, pressés par la faim, répondaient le plus éloquentement du monde.

La noble dame prit un pain et saisissant le grand couteau avec lequel son noble grand sire avait terrassé une centaine d'ennemis, elle le brandit un

bouchées les deux moitiés du pain. Le chien revint à la maison humble et repentant. "Il ne dérobera plus rien," s'écria la grande duchesse, en regardant avec amour ses enfants qui pleuraient. "Pourquoi pleurez-vous, mes chéris? Mais si j'avais gardé dans mes mains la moitié du pain, je n'aurais pu



LA MOITIÉ D'UN PAIN.

instant, puis, d'un coup ferme et résolu, elle coupa en deux le pain condensé à la manière de toutes les nobles duchesses. Aussitôt que le couteau eut fait son œuvre, une moitié du pain tomba sur le sol avec un bruit sec. Le chien de la famille, qui n'avait pas quitté des yeux les mouvements de la duchesse, bondit en avant de son coin du grand foyer. Saisissant le pain entre ses mâchoires, il s'enfuit de la salle emportant son butin au milieu des cris et des appels plaintifs des chers enfants.

La noble mère, craignant de perdre la moitié de son pain, s'élança aussitôt vers la porte et jeta la moitié du pain qui lui restait sur le méchant animal.

Atteint à la tête, le chien lâcha le morceau et se mit à pousser des aboiements plaintifs. Pendant ce temps un âne, étant venu à passer, avala en deux

châtier Athelponto. Consolerez-vous. Ne voyez-vous pas qu'il vaut mieux avoir la moitié d'un pain que ne pas avoir de pain ?

"Oh oui, mère!" répondirent ces nobles enfants, prêts à s'en aller sans prendre leur déjeuner, depuis qu'Athelponto avait été puni de sa mauvaise faute.

Hélas! quel garçon ou quelle fille de ce temps ferait ainsi le sacrifice du confort au principe ?

Le dicton de la grande duchesse a été transmis de génération en génération, mais la signification en a changé. Quand les mères d'aujourd'hui veulent apprendre à leurs enfants à se contenter de peu, elles disent: "Mieux vaut avoir la moitié d'un pain que ne pas avoir de pain."

Le monde n'est pas aussi héroïque qu'il l'était du temps de la grande duchesse Caroline van Swing.

(Our readers who are studying French may find some amusement, as well as profit, in translating the above story. We shall be glad to have the boys and girls send in their translations.)

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE, VERY NATURALLY, IS ANXIOUS.

KATE hurried through the woods, for she was afraid she would not reach home until after dark, and indeed it was then quite like twilight in the shade of the great trees around her. The road on which she was walking was, however, clear and open and she was certain she knew the way. As she hastened on, she could not help feeling that she was wasting this delightful walk through the woods. Her old friends were around her, and though she knew them all so well, she could not stop to spend any time with them. There were the oaks,—the black oak with its shining many-pointed leaves, the white oak with its lighter green though duller hued foliage, and the chestnut oak with its long and thickly clustered leaves. Then there were the sweet gums, fragrant and star-leaved, and the black-gum, tough, dark, and unpretending. No little girl in the county knew more about the trees of her native place than Kate; for she had made good use of her long rides through the country with her father. Here were the chinquepin bushes, like miniature chestnut trees, and here were the beautiful poplars. She knew them by their bright leaves which looked as though they had been snipped off at the top with a pair of scissors. And here, right in front of her, was Uncle Braddock. She knew him by his many-colored dressing-gown, without which he never appeared in public. It was one of the most curious dressing-gowns ever seen, as Uncle Braddock was one of the most curious old colored men ever seen. The gown was not really as old as its wearer, but it looked older. It was composed of about a hundred pieces of different colors and patterns—red, green, blue, yellow and brown; striped, spotted, plain, and figured with flowers and vines. These pieces, from year to year, had been put on as patches, and some of them were quilted on, and some were sewed, and some were pinned. The gown was very long and came down to Uncle Braddock's heels, which were also very long and bobbed out under the bottom of the gown as if they were trying to kick backwards. But Uncle Braddock never kicked. He was very old and he had all the different kinds of rheumatism, and walked bent over nearly at right angles, supporting himself by a long cane like a bean-pole, which he grasped in the middle. There was probably no

particular reason why he should bend over so very much, but he seemed to like to walk in that way, and nobody objected. He was a good old soul and Kate was delighted to see him.

"Uncle Braddock!" she cried.

The old man stopped and turned around, almost standing up straight in his astonishment at seeing the young girl alone in the woods.

"Why, Miss Kate!" he exclaimed, as she came up with him, "what in the world is you doin' h'yar?"

"I've been gathering sumac," said Kate, as they walked on together, "and Harry's gone off and I couldn't wait any longer and I'm just as glad as I can be to see you, Uncle Braddock, for I was beginning to be afraid, because its getting dark so fast, and your dressing-gown looked prettier to me than all the trees when I first caught sight of it. But I think you ought to have it washed, Uncle Braddock."

"Wash him!" said Uncle Braddock, with a chuckle, as if the suggestion was a very funny joke; "dat wouldn't do, no how. He'd wash all to bits and the pins would stick 'em in the hands. Couldn't wash him, Miss Kate; it's too late for dat now. Might have washed him before de war, p'raps. We was stronger, den. But what you getherin sumac for, Miss Kate? If you white folks goes pickin' it all, there won't be none lef' soon fur de cull'ed people, dat's mighty certain."

"Why, I'm picking it for the colored people," said Kate, "at least for one colored person."

"Why don't you let 'em pick it the'selves?" asked the old man.

"Because Aunt Matilda can't do it," said Kate.

"Is dat sumac fur Aunt Matilda?" said Uncle Braddock.

"Yes, it is," said Kate, "and Harry's been gathering some and we're going to pick enough to get her all she wants. Harry and I intend to take care of her now. You know they were going to send her to the almshouse."

"Well, I declar!" exclaimed the old man. "I neber did hear de like o' dat afore. Why, you all isn't done bein' tuk care of you'selves." Kate laughed, and explained their plans, getting quite enthusiastic about it.

"Lem me carry dat bag," said Uncle Braddock.

"Oh no!" said Kate, "you're too old to be carrying bags."

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fur me to get along, anyway, and a bag or two don't make no kind o' dif'rence."

Kate found herself obliged to consent, and as the bag was beginning to feel very heavy for her, and as it didn't seem to make the slightest difference, as he had said, to Uncle Braddock, she was very glad to be rid of it.

But when at last they reached the village, and Uncle Braddock went over the fields to his cabin, Kate ran into the house, carrying her bag with ease, for she was excited by the hope that Harry had come home by some shorter way, and that she should find him in the house.

But there was no Harry there. And soon it was night, and yet he did not come.

full of sumac leaves, and that he and she were pulling it through the woods, and that the legs caught in the trees and they could not get it along, and then she woke up. It was bright day-light. But Harry had not come!

There was no news. Mr. Loudon and his friends were still absent. Poor Kate was in despair, and could not touch the breakfast, which was prepared at the usual hour.

About nine o'clock a company of negro sumac gatherers appeared on the road which passed Mr. Loudon's house. It was a curious party. On a rude cart, drawn by two little oxen, was a pile of bags filled with sumac leaves, which were supported by poles stuck around the cart and bound together



THE SUMAC GATHERERS.

Matters now looked serious, and about nine o'clock Mr. Loudon, with two of the neighbors, started out into the woods to look for Aunt Matilda's young guardian.

Kate's mother was away on a visit to her relations in another county, and so the little girl passed the night on the sofa in the parlor, with a colored woman asleep on the rug before the fire-place. Kate would not go to bed. She determined to stay awake until Harry should come home. But the sofa cushions became more and more pleasant, and very soon she was dreaming that Harry had shot a giraffe, and had skinned it, and had stuffed the skin

by ropes. On the top of the pile sat a negro, playing a long whip, and shouting to the oxen. Behind the cart, and on each side of it, were negroes, men and women, carrying huge bales of sumac on their heads. Bags, pillow-cases, bed-ticks, sheets and coverlids had been called into requisition to hold the precious leaves. Here was a woman with a great bundle on her head, which sank down so as to almost entirely conceal her face; and near her was an old man who supported on his bare head a load that looked heavy enough for a horse. Even little children carried bundles considerably larger than themselves, and all were laughing and talking

merrily as they made their way to the village store at the cross-roads.

Kate ran eagerly out to question these people. They must certainly have seen Harry.

The good-natured negroes readily stopped to talk with Kate. The ox-driver halted his team, and every head-burdened man, woman and child clustered around her, until it seemed as if sumac clouds had spread between her and the sky, and had obscured the sun.

But no one had seen Harry. In fact, this company, with the accumulated proceeds of a week's sumac gathering, had come from a portion of the county many miles from Crooked Creek, and, of course, they could bring no news to Kate.

CHAPTER V.

THE TURKEY HUNTER.

WHEN Harry left Kate, he quietly walked by the side of Crooked Creek, keeping his eyes fixed on the tracks of the strange animal, and his thumb on the hammer of the right-hand barrel of his gun. Before long the tracks disappeared, and disappeared, too, directly in front of a hole in the bank; quite a large hole, big enough for a beaver or an otter. This was capital luck! Harry got down on his hands and knees and examined the tracks. Sure enough, the toes pointed towards the hole. It must be in there!

Harry cocked his gun and sat and waited. He was as still as a dead mouse. There was no earthly reason why the creature should not come out, except perhaps that it might not want to come out. At any rate, it could not know that Harry was outside waiting for it.

He waited a long time without ever thinking how the day was passing on; and it began to be a little darkish, just a little, before he thought that perhaps he had better go back to Kate.

But it might be just coming out, and what a shame to move. A skin that would bring five dollars was surely worth waiting for a little while longer, and he might never have such another chance. He certainly had never had such a one before.

And so he still sat and waited, and pretty soon he heard something. But it was not in the hole,—not near him at all. It was further along the creek, and sounded like the footsteps of some one walking stealthily.

Harry looked around quickly, and, about thirty yards from him, he saw a man with a gun. The man was now standing still, looking steadily at him. At least Harry thought he was, but there was so little light in the woods by this time that he could not be sure about it. What was that man after? Could he be watching him?

Harry was afraid to move. Perhaps the man mistook him for some kind of an animal. To be sure, he could not help thinking that boys were animals, but he did not suppose the man would want to shoot a boy, if he knew it. But how could any one tell that Harry was a boy at that distance, and in that light?

Poor Harry did not even dare to call out. He could not speak without moving something, his lips anyway, and the man might fire at the slightest motion. He was so quiet that the musk-rat—it was a musk-rat that lived in the hole—came out of his house, and seeing the boy so still, supposed he was nothing of any consequence, and so trotted noiselessly along to the water and slipped in for a swim. Harry never saw him. His eyes were fixed on the man.

For some minutes longer—they seemed like hours—he remained motionless. And then he could bear it no longer.

"Hel-low!" he cried.

"Hel-low!" said the man.

Then Harry got up trembling and pale, and the man came towards him.

"Why, I didn't know what you were," said the man.

"Tony Kirk!" exclaimed Harry. Yes, it was Tony Kirk, sure enough, a man who would never shoot a boy,—if he knew it.

"What are you doing here," asked Tony, "a-squattin' in the dirt at supper-time?"

Harry told him what he was doing and how he had been frightened, and then the remark about supper-time made him think of his sister. "My senses!" he cried, "there's Kate! she must think I'm lost."

"Kate!" exclaimed Tony. "What Kate? You don't mean your sister!"

"Yes, I do," said Harry; and away he ran down the shore of the creek. Tony followed, and when he reached the big pine tree, there was Harry gazing blankly around him.

"She's gone!" faltered the boy.

"I should think so," said Tony, "if she knew what was good for her. What's this?" His quick eyes had discovered the paper on the tree.

Tony pulled the paper from the pine trunk and tried to read it, but Harry was at his side in an instant, and saw it was Kate's writing. It was almost too dark to read it, but he managed, by holding it towards the west, to make it out.

"She's gone home," he said, "and I must be after her;" and he prepared to start.

"Hold up!" cried Tony, "I'm going that way. And so you've been getherin sumac." Harry had read the paper aloud. "There's no use o' leavin' yer bag. Git it out o' the bushes, and come along with me."

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Harry soon found his bag, and then he and Tony set out along the road.

"What are you after?" asked Harry.

"Turkeys," said Tony.

Tony Kirk was always after turkeys. He was a wild-turkey hunter by profession. It is true there were seasons of the year when he did not shoot turkeys, but although at such times he worked a little at farming and fished a little, he nearly always found it necessary to do something that related to turkeys. He watched their haunts, he calculated their increase, he worked out problems which proved to him where he would find them most plentiful in the fall, and his mind was seldom free from the consideration of the turkey question.

"Isn't it rather early for turkeys?" asked Harry.

"Well, yes," said Tony, "but I'm tired o' waitin'."

"I'm goin' to make a short cut," continued Tony, striking out of the road into a narrow path in the woods. "You can save half-a-mile by comin' this way."

So Harry followed him.

"I don't mind takin' you," said Tony, "fur I know you kin keep a secret. My turkey-blind is over yander;" and as he said this he put his hand into his coat pocket and pulled out a handful of shelled corn which he began to scatter along the path, a grain or two at a time. After ten or fifteen minutes' walking, Tony scattering corn all the way, they came to a mass of oak and chestnut boughs, piled up on one side of the path like a barrier. This was the turkey-blind. It was four or five feet high, and behind it Tony was accustomed to sit in the early gray of the morning, waiting for the turkeys which he hoped to entice that way by means of his long line of shelled corn.

"You see I build my blind," said he to Harry, "and then I don't come here till I've sprinkled my corn for about a week, and got the turkeys used to comin' this way after it. Then I get back o' that thar at night and wait till the airy mornin' when they're sartin to come gobblin' along till I can get a good crack at em." With this he sat down on a log, which Harry could scarcely see, so dark was it in the woods by this time.

"Are you tired?" said Harry.

"No," answered Tony, "I'm goin' to stop here. I want to be ready fur 'em before it begins to be light."

"But how am I to get home?" said Harry.

"Oh, jist keep straight on in that track. It'll take yer straight to the store, ef ye don't turn out uv it."

"Can't you come along and show me," said Harry, "I can't find the way through these dark woods."

"It's easy enough," said Tony, striking a match to light his pipe. "I could find my way with my eyes shut. And it would not do fur me to go. I'll make too much noise comin' back. There's no knowin' how soon the turkeys will begin to stir about."

"Then you oughtn't to have brought me here," said Harry, much provoked.

"I wanted to show you a short way home," said Tony, puffing away at his pipe.

Harry answered not a word, but set out along the path. In a minute or two he ran against a tree, then he turned to the right and stumbled over a root, dropping his bag and nearly losing his hold of his gun. He was soon convinced that it was all nonsense to try to get home by that path, and he slowly made his way back to Tony.

"I'll tell ye what it is," said the turkey hunter, "ef you think you'd hurt yerself findin' yer way home, and I thought you knew the woods better than that, you might as well stay here with me. I'll take you home bright an' airy. You needn't trouble yerself about yer sister. She's home long ago. It must have been bright daylight when she wrote on that paper, and she could keep the road easy enough."

Harry said nothing, but sat down on the other end of the log. Tony did not seem to notice his vexation, but talked to him, explaining the mysteries of turkey hunting and the delight of spending a night in the woods, where everything was so cool and dry and still. "There's no nonsense here," said Tony; "Ef there's any place where a feller kin have peace and comfort, it's in the woods, at night."

By degrees Harry became interested and forgot his annoyance. Kate was certainly safe at home, and as it was impossible for him to find his way out of the depths of the woods, he might as well be content. He could not even hope to regain the road by the way they came.

When Tony had finished his pipe he took Harry behind his blind. "All you have to do," said he, "is jist to peep over here and level your gun along that path, keepin' yer eye fixed straight in front of you and after awhile you can begin to see things. Suppose that dark lump down yander was a turkey. Jist look at it long enough and you kin make it out. You see what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Harry, peeping over the blind; "I see it," and then, with a sudden jump, he whispered, "Tony! it's moving."

Tony did not answer for a moment, and then he hurriedly whispered back, "That's so! It *is* moving."

THE SACRED BEAN.

OUR picture certainly looks very much unlike a bean; in fact, some of our readers may suppose it



to be a wasp's nest. It is, however, the seed-vessel of a plant, and the loose little balls, which look as if they were ready to roll out of the holes, are

the "beans" or seeds. In India it is known as the sacred bean, and in this country it is often called the water-chinquelin, because its seeds resemble the chinquepin or dwarf chestnut. It is found growing in deep water, both in the southern and western states. It grows in a few places in the eastern and middle states; for instance, in the Connecticut River near Lyme, and in Big Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario. The plant bears large circular leaves one to two feet in diameter, which grow out of the water, and do not float on the surface like the leaves of the common water-lily. The flowers are pale yellow, and from five to ten inches broad. After the flowers drop their leaves or petals, the seed-vessel gradually assumes the form shown in our picture. This seed-vessel is shaped somewhat like a top, and the "beans" look a little like acorns. The root resembles that of the sweet potato, and is said to be very nutritious when boiled; in fact, the Indians used to cook it in this way for food.

The seeds are also good to eat, and this makes its name of the water-chinquelin all the more appropriate, for although some of our Northern readers may not know it, the chinquepin bush of the South bears a nut that is very good eating.



HOW A TINKER WROTE A NOVEL.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

ONCE upon a time—years and years ago—I wanted some good Sunday book to read; and when the want was made known, I was helped to a big, leather-bound, octavo book, which at first glance—withstanding one or two large splotches of gilt upon the back—did not look inviting. In the first place, what boy wants to grapple with a big octavo? Your precious old aunt will tell you what an octavo is—that it means a book with its paper folded so as

to make eight leaves of every sheet, whereas a duodecimo is one of paper folded so as to make twelve leaves to a sheet; and this last is therefore much handier and every way better for boy use—at least, I think so. Then it was bound in full calf—very suspiciously like a dictionary, and likewise, I must say it—like the Bible. I don't mean, of course, to breathe one word against that venerable volume; but then you know, when a fellow

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wants a good Sunday book and knows just where the Bible is kept, and has read it ever so often, he doesn't want what looks too much like it.

However, there I was with the big book on my knee: and there were pictures in it. These were stunning. There was a picture of a man with a great pack on his back, doing his best to get out of a huge bog; and there were some people standing by who didn't seem to help him much.

There was a picture of a prodigious giant—fully as large as that in Jack and the Bean-stalk story—who was leading off two little men—one of whom looked like the man that wore the big pack, and was near sinking in the bog. Then there was a splendid picture of this same little man walking up with all the pluck in the world, through a path, beside which were seated two old giants, which—by the bones which lay scattered around their seats—seemed to have been amusing themselves by eating up just such little men as the plucky one, who came marching up between them so bravely.

In short, the pictures carried the day; and though it seemed droll Sunday work, I wanted amazingly to find out how this plucky little man got through with his bogs and giants.

So I set to.

Christian was the man's name, and he had a family; but he became pretty well satisfied that he was living in a city that would certainly be destroyed; and was very much troubled about it, and couldn't sleep o' nights, nor let his family sleep.

So it happened that this Christian, after getting some directions from a man called Evangelist, "put out" one day, with his pack on his back, and left his wife and children.

I didn't quite like the manner in which the book makes him leave his family; his course was all very well; but why shouldn't he have taken them along with him, instead of leaving that fellow Great Heart—but I mustn't tell the story in advance.

Well, this man Christian got into the bog I spoke of, and he got out again—no thanks to the two weak fellows who journeyed thus far with him, and who had no sooner got a foot in the mire than they set off—back for home. And Christian gets rid of his pack too after a time, and sees wonderful things at a house he comes to on his way, called the Interpreter's house; amongst the rest,—two boys named Patience and Passion whom I haven't forgotten to this day; and a man with a muck rake grubbing away desperately, who comes into my mind now every time I go to the city and walk down Wall street.

But Christian was not journeying in Wall street, no, no: though there was a Vanity Fair where he tarried; and it was a city not very unlike New York.

Faithful, who went with him, got whipped and hung there—if I remember rightly. He would have escaped that in New York, you know.

There was an Apollyon in the book; and a prodigious monster with scales, equal to anything in the "Arabian Nights;" and he strode wide across the path by which Christian was going to the Celestial city, and gave fight to him. It was "nip and tuck" with them for a long time, and I wasn't sure how it would come out. But at last Christian gave Apollyon a good punch under the fifth rib, and the dragon flew away. He wasn't through with his troubles, though; in fact, all sorts of enemies came upon him. There was a Giant Despair—it was he who was figured in one of the pictures—who took him to his castle and thrust him into a dungeon; and this giant had a wife called Diffidence—which seemed a very funny name for a woman who advised the giant to give Christian and Faithful a good sound beating every day after breakfast. He did give them a beating, and a good many of them; and Christian would have been murdered outright, if he had not bethought himself of a key he had, which unlocked the door of the giant's dungeon; and so he stole out and escaped. It was very stupid of him not to think of that key before, but he didn't.

So he went on, this plucky, earnest Christian—meeting with hobgoblins—worrying terribly in a certain Valley of Humiliation—enjoying himself hugely in the Delectable mountains, where some hospitable shepherds lived and entertained him,—reaching the very worst, as would seem, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but coming out all right at last by the shores of the river of Life, and in the streets of the CELESTIAL CITY.

Don't forget that it was a Sunday on which I first read this book, and dreamed, after it—of Apollyon (who I imagined a monster bat, with wings ten feet long, and flopping them with a horrible, flesh-y sound)—also of Giant Despair and his deep dungeon. (if Christian had happened to forget the key!)

I don't think I dreamed of old Worldly Wiseman, or Pliable, or Legality, or Pick-thank. These are humble, riff-raff characters (to boys), compared with Apollyon. But the day will come when grown boys will reckon them worse monsters than even Apollyon—by a great deal. I know I do.

There was a second part to this story—though both parts were bound in one within the leather covers I told you of. It was too much together for one day's reading; but I came to it all afterward.

The second part tells the story of Christian's wife and children, and how they packed up, and journeyed by the same road through the Valley of Humiliation, and over the Delectable mountains to the Celestial City. And there was a splendid fellow called Great-Heart who traveled with them and

made much lighter of the dragons than Christian did, and who loved a good fight, and who—if the story is true, which you must judge of yourselves—absolutely went over into the grounds of Giant Despair, and slew him—as much as such a character can be slain.

I thought all the world of Great-Heart. I was glad when Mercy, who was a pretty, nice young woman that joined the travelers, refused Mr. Brisk (not much of a man); and I thought Great-Heart ought to have married her. But it didn't end so. Great-Heart never married. In fact the story is so rapid, there is no time for marrying.

Well, that story in the leathern covers, and as big as a Bible, has been printed by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and it was written by a traveling tinker! Think of that.

John Bunyan was his name; and he was born in a house built of timber and clay (which was standing not many years ago) in the little village of Elstow, near to Bedford, England.

Bedfordshire is a beautiful county, there are fine farms and great houses, and beautiful parks in it; but this man, John Bunyan, was the son of a traveling tinker, and was born there only a few years after the pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, on Plymouth Rock. He says of himself that he was a wild lad, swearing dreadfully, going about with his father to tinker broken tea-pots, lying under hedges, having narrow escapes from death. Once, falling into the river Ouse, and another time handling an adder and pulling out his fangs with his fingers.

But he fell in with Puritan preachers, who "waked his conscience;" for he lived just in the heart of those times which are described in Walter Scott's novel "Woodstock;" and he didn't think much of Episcopacy or Bishops; and at last he took to preaching himself, having left off all his evil courses. He married too, and had four children—one of them, Mary Bunyan, blind from her birth.

He fought in the civil wars under Cromwell, and it is possible enough that he may have seen Charles the First go out to execution. May be he was one of those crazy fellows who came to Ditchley (in Scott's novel) to help capture the runaway, Charles the Second, who was gallivanting in that time in the household of old Sir Arthur Lee. He thrived while the Commonwealth lasted, but when Charles the Second was called back to the throne in 1660 (John Bunyan being then thirty-two years old), it was a hard time for Puritans, and worst of all for such Puritan of Puritans as the Puritan preacher—Bunyan.

They tried him for holding disorderly religious meetings, and he put a brave face on it and contested his right; but this only made the matter

worse for him, and they condemned him to perpetual banishment. Somehow, this judgment was changed in such a way, that Bunyan, in place of being shipped to Holland or Amercia (where he would have found a parish), was clapped into Bedford jail, where he lay (he tells us) "twelve entire years." He had no book there but the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. He made tag-lace to support his family, the while he was in jail, and bemoaned very much the possible fate of his poor blind daughter Mary.

While he was living this long prison life, country people in England were reading the newly printed book, by Isaac Walton, called the Complete Angler, and during the same period of time, John Milton published his Paradise Lost; and in that Bedford jail, in those same years, John Bunyan wrote the story I have told you of, called "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He came out of jail afterwards—a good two hundred years ago to-day—and took to preaching again. But he preached no sermon that was heard so widely, or ever will be, as his preachments in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He went on some errand of charity in his sixtieth year, and took a fever and died in 1688. It was the very year in which the orthodox people of England had set on foot the revolution which turned out the Papish King James the Second, and brought in the Protestant William and Mary. Poor John Bunyan would have seen better times if he had lived in their day, and better yet if he had lived in ours, and written in the magazines as well as he wrote about Great-Heart.

Live as long as you may, you can never outlive the people that he set up in his story.

Messrs. Legality, and Cheat, and Love-lust, and Carnal-mind, we meet every day in society. Every boy and girl of you all will go by and by—stump—into some slough of Despond; and God help you, if the pack you carry into it is big! Always, and all times, there must be thwacking at dragons in our own valleys of humiliation, and if the teeth of Giant Pope are pulled, Giant Despair, whatever Great-Heart may have done, will be sure to catch us some day in Doubting Castle. In fact, I don't much believe Great-Heart did kill him, and think, to that extent, the work is a fiction. Giant Despair lives; you may be sure of it; and he has a new wife; and her name is not Diffidence now, but Swagger; and you would do well to give her a wide berth. As for that Valley of the Shadow of Death, who that has lived since Bunyan died, or who that shall live henceforth, may escape its bewilderments and its terrors? The poor tinker and preacher—the zealous writer who made his words cleave like sharp knives, sleeps now quietly (to all seeming) in a grave

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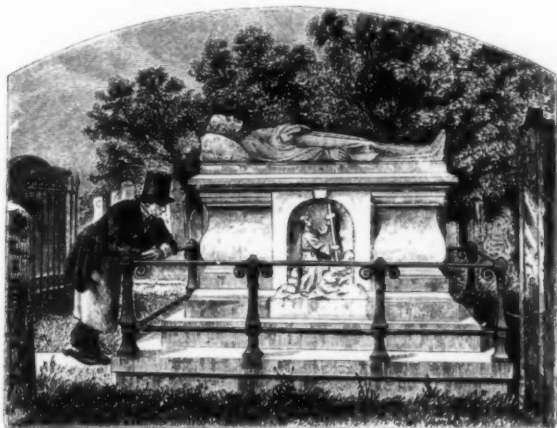
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on Bun-hill Fields; and we shall have our resting places marked out too, before many more crops of autumn leaves shall fall to the ground; but evermore, the path to such resting-place, for such as he,

and for such as we, must lie straight through the awful Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It would be a sad story if there were no Celestial City. Now, let us read "The Pilgrim's Progress."



TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN.—(TAKEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

SAM QUIMBY'S ART SUMMER.

BY FANNY BARROW.

IN the warm August days, with their golden sunshine, making wood and sky magnificent, an artist named May came to live with farmer Quimby. He set his easel up in the "spare room," spare and prim enough; for Mrs. Quimby—although she kept everything as neat as a pin, and cooked delightful doughnuts—knew as much about making a room beautiful to live in as a cat knows about playing the fiddle.

So the artist went into the woods, and brought back long trailing vines, and twined wreaths over the windows and door. He hung up a set of wooden shelves, ornamented with birch bark, upon which he arranged his books; and the room began to look comfortable.

But Mrs. Quimby, who was a fat, funny-looking old lady with no shape at all to speak of, lifted up her hands and eyes and exclaimed, "Wall now! It just beats me why he should want to litter up the room with them ar old weeds!"

Not so Sam, the farmer's son—a great, rough, healthy, country boy. He stood at the door, bashfully peeping in, and declared that it was "terrible pooty," and "dreadful nice," and when the artist looked up smiling at these compliments, he rushed off and hid himself in the barn.

Sam was out in the fields nearly all day, tossing hay, and riding home on top of great loads of it, full of grasshoppers; and whenever he could get a chance, darting into his mother's pantry, eating doughnuts and drinking milk. But now, he did something besides this. He forgot his work, to watch the artist. Great and greater grew his wonder, as the woods and mountains so familiar to him appeared upon the canvas. And when the lovely little stream, which sang all day long through the wood, and at last in a high frolic, tumbled heels over head over a boulder, came to light in the artist's work, Sam had almost spasms of delight.



"NOW, I'LL PUT A LITTLE COLOR ONTO YOU."

"Oh dear," he cried, "I wish I could make pictures. I must! I will!" and he rubbed his hair up hard with both hands, and looked quite crazy enough for a genius.

He begged his mother for paper and pencil, and rushing out, climbed up into the fork of a tree, and after many attempts, during which he chewed his pencil into bits, he drew

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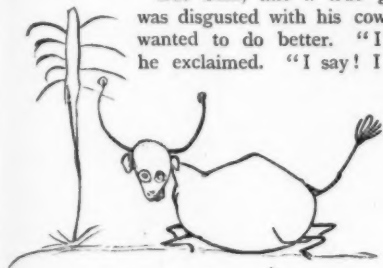
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this beautiful picture of a cow reclining at her ease.

Here it is; quite nice, I think, for a beginning. At any rate, it looks more like a cow than it does like a crocodile.

But Sam, like a true genius, was disgusted with his cow. He wanted to do better. "I say!" he exclaimed. "I say! I know



how to make a cow *here*,"—thumping his head with his fist, "why can't I get it right on paper?"

The next day he drew the cat washing her face by the kitchen fire. It looked very like the cow, with whiskers instead of horns, but never mind. Sam went on sketching everything he saw, on odd bits of paper, and all over the wall of his little room in the peaked roof of the cottage, until Mrs. Quimby, dreadfully worried about him, said to the farmer, "I'm clean tuckered out about Sam; I do believe he has gone cracked!"

"Gone cracked!" repeated the farmer. "Why, Molly, he's a'most as smart as the painter fellow! Why, now, just look at that there cat he took! Why, it's as likely a picture as ever I see."

"Oh," cried Sam, delighted at this praise, "I've got some paintin' fixin's that Mr. May gave me, and I'd like to take your portrait, Pop. Just you sit down and let me try."

The other artist had gone away trout-fishing for the day, and Sam, in his delight, proposed to borrow his easel and paint his father in fine style.

Down sat the good old farmer, grinning and chuckling, and Sam, staring his eyes nearly out of his head, made a lovely profile likeness of his father, with his old cloth cap stuck far back on his head, and one eye very flat and wide open, in the top of the forehead.

"Wall, I declare!" cried the old man, looking

into the picture as though it were a mirror, "it beats all! but I must go now."

"All right," said Sam, as he leaned back in his chair to take an admiring gaze at his work; "you go and I'll stay and put a little more color onto you."

Meantime, the other artist had returned unexpectedly, and he was now standing at the door nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. At last a queer choking sound caused Sam to turn around. Up he jumped, dropped the palette, tried to pick it up, stepped on it, fell over it, and in his frantic struggles, upset the easel, with the tumbler of water, his father's portrait and all, and finally picked himself up with his hair straight on end with fright and confusion.

"Well, my young Titian," said the artist as soon as he could speak for laughing, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. Do you think you would like to be a painter? If you choose I will give you lessons."

This glorious offer made Sam turn crimson, and tingle from head to foot with delight. He had no fine long words in which to express his joy. He only answered, "Oh, yes, sir," and rushed out into the kitchen, to stand on his head, and dance a hornpipe, in order to relieve his feelings.

Then, all at once, he went up to his mother, who was rolling out paste for an apple-dumpling, and said in a strange, soft, new voice. "Oh mother! I am going to learn to be a painter, then I too will know how to paint the beautiful woods and mountains."

After this, Sam's thoughts by day were of painting, and he dreamed of nothing else at night.

But Mrs. Quimby went about turning up the whites of her eyes and moaning. "Who on earth will help your father with the farm? Who'll help him, I want to know?"

While the good old farmer, who was as sensible an old fellow as you will meet in a month of Sundays, said: "Never you mind, Molly; if it is in him to be a painter, he won't make a good farmer; so just you let the boy try."

Sam is hard at work now, learning his art—and for aught you and I know, or do not know—one of these days we may hear again of Samuel Quimby, Esq., the great painter.

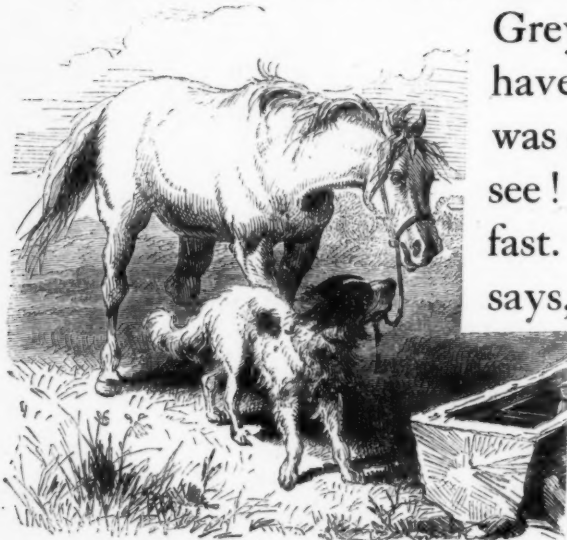
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

"Oh, come, Bell," said Kate, with a hop, skip, and jump; "come take a walk with me."

"Oh yes," said Bell, "let us go," and she too had to hop, skip, and jump, she was so glad.

Down the lane they went, hand in hand, with a hop, skip, and jump, all in a lump, till they fell with a bump, just by a pump. But they were not hurt. Oh, dear no! not a bit!

"Oh, look!" said Bell, "look at Dash, and old Grey! Why, Grey must have told Dash that he was dry, oh so dry! and see! Dash has the rope fast. He looks up! he says, 'Come to the pump, old Grey, and take all you want.' I love Dash, don't you?"



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THE WONDERFUL RIVER.

BY PAUL FORT.

[SEE FRONTPIECE.]

THE entrance to the cave was not imposing. It seemed like a hole in the ground—and that, in fact, was all it was. But those who had gone through this hole and had entered the grand “chamber of the Dome,” through which the Wonderful River ran, knew what a magnificent place the cave was. The underground dwarfs used to sail on the river in their boats, and when their torches blazed up they could see the roof high above them sparkling as though it were set with diamonds, and wherever the light struck on the walls they shone and glittered like piles of polished crystal. Long pendants, hanging as if they were icicles of stone, gleamed with bright edges and points from the arches overhead, and under all this grandeur and brilliancy the river rolled, dark and silent. The underground dwarfs (and no one else had ever seen this cave) understood very little about this river. They knew it came out of the wall at one end of the cave and went into the wall at the other end, but that was all they knew. And considering how curious they were, and how anxious to find out things, it is a wonder that the river remained a complete mystery until young Akaran’s day. Young Akaran made up his mind that he would find out all about the river, and one day he took a little boat and after fitting it up for an exploration, he rowed to the place where the river entered the wall of the cave. Then, as there was plenty of room for both the river and his little boat, he pulled into the great tunnel through which the water flowed. He was gone ever so many days, and all his friends thought he was lost, but one afternoon they heard his voice calling over the water under the great Dome, and they rowed out

with torches to meet him. The Most Important dwarf sat in the prow of the first boat and everybody was full of joyful expectation. Akaran had wonderful things to tell.

“I rowed and I rowed for a day and a night,” said he.

“And what did you discover?” asked the Most Important dwarf.

“Oh! I went on still further, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed.”

“And what did you find out then?”

“I didn’t stop,” said Akaran, “but I rowed on and on, until at last the rocks were so many and so sharp, and the wind was so cold, that I thought I had gone far enough, and so I came back, rejoicing that I had rowed further along the Wonderful River than any one in the world.”

“But what did you see?” the Most Important dwarf asked again.

“Oh, I couldn’t see anything. It was as dark as pitch all the way. And the wind blew so that I could not light a torch.”

“And so you really saw nothing at all?”

“Not a thing,” said Akaran. “But no one ever went so far along the river before.”

“And no one ever shall again,” said the Most Important dwarf. “To risk life where nothing is to be gained by it, is all stuff and nonsense. Let us row home.”

And so the Wonderful River has ever since flowed on as before, dark and mysterious beneath the great Dome and through the unknown tunnels. None know whence it comes or whither it goes.

But the dwarfs are just as happy as if they knew.



My little one came, and brought me a flower,
Never a sweeter one grew;
But it faded and faded in one short hour,
And lost all its pretty blue.

My little one stayed in the room, and played;
And so my flower bloomed bright—
My beautiful blossom that did not fade,
But slept in my arms all night.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE I am again! Nothing very much to say, so I suppose we'll talk rather longer than usual.

LEAVE THE HOUSE.

SOME of you children look pale. That's because you don't exercise enough in the open air—you, little girls, I mean especially. Study your lessons if you must, for I wouldn't on any account interfere with the advice of other Jacks; but remember that there are out-of-door lessons to learn—music lessons to take from the birds in summer and the winds in winter, picture lessons from Master Nature, health lessons from Dr. Oxygen, and love lessons from the bright blue sky. Don't miss them, my dears, else some day you'll be "kept in" for non-attendance in a way you'll not fancy. What would you like to hear about this time? The birds have brought me word of all sorts of doings, and I hardly know where to begin.

INDIA RUBBER TREES.

ARE all of you provided with India rubber boots for the winter? A smart bird asked me the other day if I'd ever seen an overshoes tree. He thought he was having a good joke on poor Jack. But I stirred his feathers by telling him that I hadn't seen one, but that I knew more about them than he could chirp to the moon in a fortnight. You see, a South American bird had told a friend of mine all about it. He gave me some figures about the caoutchouc or India rubber tree that I can spare as well as not: The trees are very plentiful; 43,000 of them having been counted in a tract of land eight miles wide and less than four times as long. They are tapped for the sake of a milky juice, which is the India rubber used in manufacture. This juice or "gum" is whitish at first, but is blackened by smoke. Each tree yields about a tulipful a day, and can be tapped for twenty successive years; so you see, in case you

haven't your boots yet, the chances are that they are oozing out of some tree for you at this very moment.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

TALKING of lessons, I wonder if the ST. NICHOLAS children have any idea of how many girls and boys go to night schools. The poor little things have to work during the day, and so, rather than not have any schooling at all, they say their lessons at night. Not only young persons, but middle-aged men and women attend these schools. I know of one man past forty years of age who has learned to read at a night school within the last two years. All honor to him and the school too. Such schools abound now in the large cities. They have fine rooms, good teachers, and many thousand pupils in all. Capital thing; but (whisper) I'm glad I don't have to go.

A STRETCH OF GOLD.

TALKING of figures, a humming bird told me the other day on the very best authority that a piece of pure gold as big, or, I should say, as small as his own bright little eye, could be beaten out thinner and thinner until it would cover seventy square miles. Some of you school-boys may say "That's too thin," but you're mistaken; and besides, Jack doesn't approve of slang expressions.

A NEW CONUNDRUM.

HERE'S a conundrum. Very young folk needn't apply. What wild animal is the past tense of a verb which, spelled with two letters, means a negative?

It's a *gnu* conundrum, you observe.

TREES UPON STILTS.

DID ever you hear of trees upon stilts? A lady who had been reading a book called the "Desert World" told a little bird about it, and the little bird brought word direct to me. In Guiana and Brazil, the lady said, are found the immense forests which supply the whole world with nearly all the dye woods in use, and the most beautiful timbers for cabinet work. These trees love the sea air, so they grow as near to the shore as they can without having their roots and trunks washed by the salt water, which would kill most if not all of them. Between these great forests and the open ocean stretch vast swamps, which at low tide are only marshy, but at high tide are covered with several feet of water. In these swamps grow immense quantities of mangroves, their dense foliage seeming to float on the surface of the water when the tide is in, but when it is out the branches present the appearance of growing out of the sides of prostrate trunks of trees, which are supported upon immense crooked stilts. These

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stilts are the bare roots, which are obliged to seek the deep rich mud for nourishment, at the same time that they must support the trunk and branches at a height that the tide cannot affect them. The mangrove swamps are the haunts of many curious creatures which are here almost perfectly safe from pursuit, for the tangled masses of roots are a more effectual defence than the strongest walls.

A VERY FUNNY BOOK.

I DON'T know when I've laughed inwardly more than I did at a book that a dear little girl had in our meadow yesterday. The pictures are enough to split the sides of the soberest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived; so funny, and so bright with color that, for a moment, it seemed to me as if the autumn landscape had suddenly turned into a great big illuminated joke. The book is English—I'd waver my stalk on that; but it is republished by Mr. Scribner's publishing house in New York. It is called "The Ten Little Niggers;" and I'll tell you the thrilling story it illustrates, if you'll allow me to change one little word throughout the poem, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings:

THE TEN LITTLE BLACK BOYS.

Ten little black boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were nine.
Nine little black boys sat up very late;
One overlept himself, and then there were eight.
Eight little black boys, traveling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were seven.
Seven little black boys, chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were six.
Six little black boys, playing with a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were five.
Five little black boys, going in for law;
One got in chancery and then there were four.
Four little black boys, going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were three.
Three little black boys, walking in the "Zoo;"
The big bear hugged one, and then there were two.
Two little black boys, sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.
One little black boy, living all alone;
He got married, and then there were none.

THE BEST PATHFINDERS.

Do my young Americans know who are the best pathfinders on the American continent, the great original pathfinders of the West? I'll tell you. They are the buffaloes. Yes, sir, it's true. Hear what a correspondent of ST. NICHOLAS writes with the quill of a dear gray-goose friend of mine:

As the frosts of winter destroy their pastures in the north, so the heats of summer parch those in the south, and the buffaloes must, each spring

and autumn, take long journeys in search of fresh feeding grounds. The large size and weight of these somewhat clumsy explorers make it rather difficult for them to cross the mountains, so they seek out for themselves the most practicable routes; and hunters and emigrants have found that a "buffalo-track" offers the surest and safest path for men and horses. The best passes in the Cumberland and Rocky mountains, and the regions of the Yellowstone, and the Colorado, have been discovered by following the trail of these sagacious animals.

I know this is so, for the great traveler, Humboldt, once wrote: "In this way the humble buffalo has filled a most important part in facilitating geographical discovery in mountainous regions otherwise as trackless as the Arctic wastes, as the sands of Sahara."

ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

I KNOW where there are some organ mountains! How did I hear? Why, the fact is, my new ST. NICHOLAS friends, without intending the slightest disrespect to the birds, already have begun to send me paragrams, as I suppose all messages over the paragraphic wires must be called. Here's the message about organ mountains: "I don't mean musical instruments, dear Jack, so big as to be called mountains—though there are some cathedral organs large enough to almost deserve the term,—but real mountains. Up to heights sometimes greater than that of Mount Washington, these organ mountains do not differ from other ranges in the same countries. But suddenly, from the midst of the trees and verdure with which the lower parts of the mountains are covered, there rise the vast and smoothly-rounded columns of sparkling porphyry whose resemblance to the pipes of gigantic organs gives a name to the mountains.

"Peaks and ranges of this kind are found in France and in Mexico, but the most celebrated are the *Sierra de los Organos* in Brazil, rising west and north of the beautiful bay of Rio Janeiro. To make the resemblance more complete these mountains emit a grand and wonderful harmony. The lightest breeze, even the cry of a jaguar, or the howling of a monkey, passing between these vast stone pipes produces a wild and solemn music. The great instruments are seldom quite silent, even in the calmest weather, but in a storm their mysterious tones rise and swell into harmonious thunder. Sometimes long before a storm breaks upon the country below, the inhabitants are warned by the notes of the mountains that a tempest is coming, and the Indians whisper, 'The Great Spirit makes thunder-music; by and by He will be angry.'"

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE most charming book for young readers published this season, is "*Bed-time Stories*," by Louise Chandler Moulton (Roberts Bros., Boston). The volume contains sixteen delightfully-told tales, just as full of lovable boys and girls as any book can be. We fear that if any of these stories were told at bed-time to some young folks we know, they would not have their natural rest, for it would be impossible to get them to go to sleep until every story was told. The illustrations are by Addie Ledyard, and altogether it is a book which our little folks—the girls especially—ought to have before the year is out.

AFTER you have read Mrs. Moulton's book you hardly can find anything new that will interest you more than *Northern Lights*, a collection of stories by Swedish and Finnish authors, translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. The publishers (Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia) have had the original Swedish pictures re-drawn by Mr. Bensell, and the book is one of the handsomest of the season. These "Lights" will lead you into the very brightest and richest nooks of story-land, and, what is of great importance, they will bring you back again, with its gleams still lingering about you. It is a good thing to feel, after we have read a delightful book, "Ah, now I can strive and study with a will!" But if it makes us sigh, "Ah, how can I take up my old humdrum life again!" we may be sure something is wrong.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, send us "*Lady Green Satin*."

Lady Green Satin was only a little white mouse, living in a cattle-shed on the Pyrenees mountains, until Jean Paul found her.

Jean Paul was nine years old. His father was dead, his mother and sisters very poor, so poor, that the dear little fellow ran five miles to carry a letter and fetch its answer, in order to earn a little less than ten of our cents, that he might buy black-bread to give them to eat.

The way was so long that on his way back it grew quite dark. The rain began to fall, and he went into the cattle-shed where Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti lived.

In the night when the white mice began to nibble at the little boy's supper of white bread, Jean Paul caught them, put them on his head underneath his leather cap, fastened it, and went home before daylight.

This delightful new fairy story tells us how the little white mice came to be Lady Green Satin and

her maid Rosetti; how Jean Paul taught them to perform wonderful tricks on a small white board, which he called his theatre; how, when times were bad and he could get no more money by exhibiting Lady Green Satin among the Pyrenees, he left his home one day, with the consent of his mother, and made his way to Paris. The story tells us how, after many days the little fellow came to the great city; how he thought he could sleep in the streets and found that he could not; how he gained his lodgings for two sous a night, and then went and came, cold, wet, hungry, and sometimes very happy because Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti had performed so well, that he had gained good friends, and best of all, had gathered many sous to send to his dear mother and sisters.

The story is charmingly told. The sweet, *every-minute* trust in the good God that led Jean Paul safely through so many hard places and at last back to his home, is just the trust that children, and grown folks, too, need everywhere in order to make life bright all the way through. The book is written by the Baroness E. Martineau des Chesnez, and will, we hope, be read by every reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

"*Romain Kalbris*. His Adventures by Sea and Shore," is a book that is certain to be read—devoured, we will say—by every boy into whose hands it may fall, and upon the whole, we recommend it. The adventures are possible, the escapes thrilling; and Romain's honesty is so true in great or small emergencies, and his return to his duties at last is so satisfactory that we are inclined to do as others did and forgive him. Romain Kalbris is translated from the French of Hector Malot, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia.

"*Try and Trust; or, The Story of a Bound Boy*." By Horatio Alger, Jr. Loring, publisher, Boston. Here is a book for the boys, by a capital writer. It is the story of an orphan boy who had been well trained, and fairly educated, but who on the death of his mother was left without means. His uncle in a distant city, influenced by the pride of his family, failed to assist him. He was then obliged to take a situation as bound-boy by the select-men of the town in which he lived. His upright conduct and fearlessness carry him safely through many perils. The master to whom he is bound is very cruel, but his unreasonable treatment only serves to show the heroism of the boy, who

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bravely carries out the last advice of his loved mother, to "try and trust." After leaving his inhuman master, he meets with many adventures, and finally —. But you must read the book for yourselves, young friends. Its fresh incidents will delight you and you'll take in good lessons without knowing it.

"*Brightside*," by Mrs. E. Bedell Benjamin. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

This story of little Sorella, an English child, left in charge of a careless nurse in Italy while her parents went to Russia, and afterwards stolen in Naples and brought to America, is told in a simple and very interesting manner. All our children will be delighted to be told how this little stolen girl came to be known by the pleasant family at Brightside, and what came of that knowledge.

"*Aunt Sadie's Cow*," by Sarah J. Prichard. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

A beautiful story well told by one who knows the ins and outs of young hearts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Matt's Follies, and other Stories, by Mary N. Prescott, with illustrations. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Children of The Olden Time, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." Scribner, Wellford & Armstrong, New York.

Leaves from the Tree of Life, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.; *Truffle Nephews*, by Rev. P. B. Power; *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by Joanna H. Matthews; *Kitty and Lulu* books; *Not Bread Alone*. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
 2. God of the Shepherds.
 3. Inferior Roman gods.
 4. A Myrmidon hero; father of Epigeus.
 5. A beautiful youth punished by Nemesis.
 6. A legendary hero of Attica: who, emulating Hercules, undertook to destroy the robbers and monsters that infested the country.
 7. A fierce and powerful Thracian people, subdued by the Romans.
 8. The clothing of the Satyrs.
 9. A consonant.
- The centre letters, horizontal and perpendicular, name a god and a flower.

CHARADE.

MY *second* went to the side of my *first*,
And stayed through the *whole*, for the air;
There were croquet and swinging,
And bathing and singing
And chatting with maidens fair.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.

FOUR words concealed in the following sentence will form a perfect word-square:

He gazes toward the lone beech on the far distant hillside, and thinks how happy he should be could he but own all those broad and fertile fields.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD three words having the following significations, and the remaining letters will form a word-square:

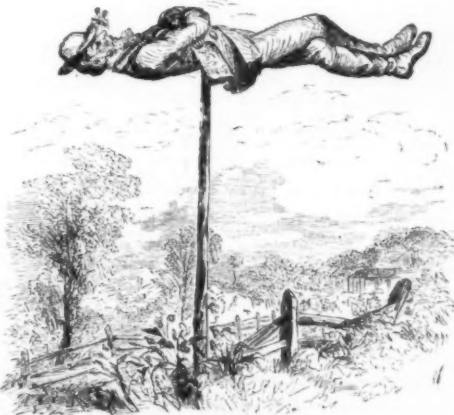
1. Genuine;
2. To change;
3. To crook.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I SHINE like the dew-drop when beauty adorning,
I reflect the *green* leaves sun-kissed in the morning.

1. A river famed in story.
2. This the reporter's glory.
3. A name for anything.
4. This man will have to swing.
5. And now I really wish
To taste this Spanish dish.
6. This number's anything.
7. He played before the king.

REBUS.



[WHAT GREAT MAN IS THIS?]



PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

(EXAMPLES.—Stream—streamer, past—pastor.)

1. He brings his bill for service done,
And straightway mounts his steed.
2. The little rascal plays his pranks,
Then runs away with speed
3. Now see the youth with nimble tread
As step by step he mounts.
4. How well the story he'll relate,
How rapidly he counts.
5. Then give me but my Arab steed,
And well I'll shave his head.
6. Oh! what a horrid, noisy bell,
The noontide meal is spread.

PUZZLE.

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ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Hesperus, the Evening Star. (Hesperia, Granius, Vesta, Teuta, Hera, Nereis).

RIDDLE.—A drum.

ELLIPSES.—2.—Abby, baby. 3.—Levi, veil. 4.—Ruth, hurt. —Sway, ways. 6.—Pass, asps. 7.—Kale, lake.

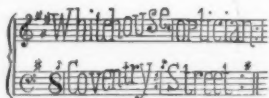
ANAGRAMS.—1.—Earliest. 2.—Immediate. 3.—Proselytes. 4.—Rapacity. 5.—Abdicates. 6.—Beardless. 7.—Journalist. 8.—Enlargement. 9.—Sectarian. 10.—Incarceration.

REBUS.—In at one ear, and out at the other.

LOGOGRAPH.—Carpet—out of which may be made: ace, acre, act, ape, arc, art, car, care, carp, cart, cap, cape, cat, crape, crate, ear, pace, part, pat, pea, pear, peat, pet, race, rap, rat, rate, tap, tape, tar, tare, tea, tear.

PARAPHRASED PROVERB.—A care-less watch inn-vi(c)-tes a vigilant foe.

THE VISION.—



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GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Next month we shall give the names of those boys and girls who sent to the "Riddle Box" the best list of answers to this rebus. Here are the names of sixty towns and places that can be found in the picture:

Lone Pine. Archangel. Bridgeport. Krossen. Buffalo. Rockland. Portland. Rockport. Watertown. Cape Fear. Homestead. Pigeon Roost. Hillsdale. Black Rock. Enfield. Waterford. Horse Creek. Horsford. Columbia. Domaize. Hall. Carr Rock. Log Cabin. Houston. Katonah. China. Table Rock. Genoa. Salem. Manchac. Waterloo. Cape Henlopen. Pine Hill. Boardman. Mendota. Logie. Stockton. Leghom. Rameses. Ramsgate. Wellow. Lowell. Manchester. Bootan. Manaccan. Stone. Kane. Loggun. Canaan. Kasey's. Mantee. Crestline. Painted Post. Turkey. Cape Horn. Skowhegan. Chickasaw. Washington. Bull Run. Plainfield.

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FROM A PAINTING BY DELAROCHE.

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